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SIEGEL

CLARKE (*seated, right*) *and friends*

MARIO

PLAYBILL

ARTHUR C. CLARKE is an amiable, pleasantly schizoid Englishman: one side of him writes strictly factual articles and books on astrophysics, missiles and rocketry; the other side writes flamboyantly imaginative science-fiction about the shape of things to come. For this May PLAYBOY, Clarke has succeeded in merging his two professional personalities by writing *I Remember Babylon*, a unique, disturbing piece in which fact and fiction are inextricably mingled. It is told in the first person singular by a man named Arthur C. Clarke. It takes place in Ceylon, where Clarke lives. In the piece, a married couple named Mike and Liz make an appearance — you can see the actual Mike and Liz (their real names) in the company of author Clarke on this page, in a photo that shows them downing drinks at Mount Lavinia, where part of *I Remember Babylon* takes place. We call Clarke's piece "fiction," though it may be only a matter of time — and a short time, at that — before it becomes disastrous fact.

But lest you grow somber, be assured that some wildly witty work is waiting to delight you. Herbert Gold's light soufflé, *Trouble in Mukeoutsville*, which gets this issue off to a fine start, is one example; Larry Siegel's *Six Media in Search of a Dane*, a spoof of *Hamlet* in modern dress, is another. Satire by Siegel was a staple ingredient of Harvey Kurtzman's short-lived satire periodical, *Humbug*; PLAYBOY readers will also remember Larry as the author of articles on Lenny Bruce, the New York club Upstairs at the Downstairs, and the more recent *Commuter Special* (PLAYBOY, December 1959). *That May-December Madness*, an article on the nymphet fad, packs plenty of smiles, too, which is not surprising because it's written by Ivor Williams, the chap who gave us the famous, controversial article, *The Pious Pornographers* (PLAYBOY, October 1957; *The Permanent Playboy*).

The Life of Spice is this month's article by PLAYBOY's Food and Drink Editor, Thomas Mario. It is a handy, thoroughgoing and eminently readable guide to the sparking up of bachelor menus through the use of spices, herbs and condiments. Tom Mario has been in charge of our Food and Drink Department since early in our first year of publication, writing exclusively for PLAYBOY and contributing on an average of one article per issue. Son of a French actress and a Chicago lawyer, Tom endured only a half year of college before quietly leaving to enter the wonderful world of gourmandise, beginning as the *légumier* of a New York hotel and rising through the ranks to *sous chef*, then *chef de cuisine*, and finally to executive chef and steward of a swank men's club. A direct result of that position was a witty book, *The Face in the Aspic* (Simon and Schuster, 1944), subtitled "Tales of Club Life Among the Overfed." Right now — in between the writing of his highly popular articles — Tom is busy putting together a posh food and drink book for PLAYBOY. With luck, it should be ready before the year is out.

Heartstrings will twang and eyeballs glisten as Charles Beaumont tunes in yesterday with his reminiscences of Jack Armstrong, Little Orphan Annie, The Shadow and other dear departed friends, in *Requiem for Radio*. Leland Webb observes *Mother's Day* in a rather unusual manner via his story of that title. In *The New Town Car*, Ken Purdy tells of the latest compact urban autos. And, adding a gala Riviera touch to this May PLAYBOY, the Cannes Film Festival is covered in ten scintillating pages of words and pictures.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

JEEVES

I have been, for some time now, a devoted and much-pleased reader of your magazine, and can no longer dismiss the feeling of obligation which drives me to pay you an honest and long overdue compliment on the continuous fine quality of your publication. I am quite sure that many thousands of readers will join with me in praising that excellent novel by P. G. Wodehouse, *How Right You Are, Jeeves!*

David Peterson
Palatine, Illinois

For a long time I have read PLAYBOY with interest and attention but never, until now, have I been inclined to comment on its contents. The novel, *How Right You Are, Jeeves!* by P. G. Wodehouse, in your February 1960 issue, was superb. In my estimation, it was worth the price of the entire issue — and more. Mr. Wodehouse is able to combine the ridiculous with the proper touch of reality so as to create situations that are hilarious and stimulating. It is obvious that he is extremely educated, yet has not let his learning interfere with his sense of humor. You may be sure that I will add the hard-cover edition to my library.

M. E. Leadbetter
Tucson, Arizona

The best light novel I have been privileged to read in many a moon: P. G. Wodehouse's *How Right You Are, Jeeves!*

Larry Anduss
Stillwater, Oklahoma

I have just finished reading *How Right You Are, Jeeves!* and I must say it is *the* most enjoyable story I have read in PLAYBOY to date.

Bill Ruffner
Memphis, Tennessee

I regret to inform you that I enjoyed very much Mr. Wodehouse's novel, *How Right You Are, Jeeves!* Why the regret? Because I was in the hospital at the time, recovering from chest surgery, and as I read, I laughed harder and harder, causing my operation to come apart at the seams. That issue of PLAYBOY should not be read by anyone who has recently undergone such surgery.

G. W. Hughart
Alhambra, California

GUIDED MUSCLES

In the February *Playboy After Hours*, you ask who needs weight lifting and weight lifters. This made me quite angry because I myself am a weight lifter.

Kent Kolar
Hiram, Ohio

Who needs weight lifters???! Who needs an optimistic, constructive approach to health and general muscle tone? I suggest you try it!

William Glock
Baltimore, Maryland

Jayne Mansfield, whom you obviously admire, must feel a need for weight lifters. Her husband didn't get those muscles by sipping martinis at his home bar and fiddling with his hi-fi set!

Bill O'Donnell
Norfolk, Virginia

So now it's "Who needs weight lifters," is it? Who needs PLAYBOY?

James H. Cayle
St. Louis, Missouri

Who needs letters from weight lifters?

THE BUST OF MANSFIELD

Your February Mansfield feature was indeed *The Best.*

G. Mathis Sleeper
Mount Holly, New Jersey

Please, no more Mansfield. It's too difficult getting the eyes back in the sockets.

Art Blair
Dedham, Massachusetts

PLAYBOY has long been a leading exponent of fine writing, art and photography. However, you have reversed your forward approach by picturing Mickey Hargitay's missus in the same issue with

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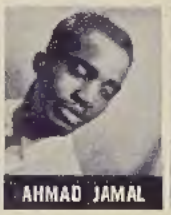
AHMAD JAMAL

BENNY GOODMAN

ELLA FITZGERALD

SARAH VAUGHAN

1. ERROLL GARNER — Concert by the Sea. Erroll plays I'll Remember April, Teach Me Tonight, Erroll's Theme, Mambo Carmel, plus 7 others

2. ERROLL GARNER — Solilo-quy. You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To; I Surrender, Dear; If I Had You; etc.

3. J. J. JOHNSON AND KAI WINDING — Jay & Kai plus 6. Peanut Vendor, The Continental, Rise n' Shine, Night in Tunisia, 8 others.

ERROLL GARNER

4. JOE WILDER QUARTET — Jazz from "Peter Gunn". A Quiet Glass, Not from Dixie, Brief and Breezy, 7 more

5. DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET — At Newport, 1958. Jump for Joy, The Duke, C Jam Blues, Perdido, Flamingo, etc.

6. DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET — Jazz Goes to College. Out of Nowhere, Take the "A" Train, Balcony Rock, The Song Is You, Le Souk, etc.

THE HI-LO'S

7. LESTER YOUNG — "The President" Plays. With the Oscar Peterson Trio. Ad Lib Blues, Tea for Two, 6 others

8. EDDIE CONDON—The Roaring Twenties. Eddie and the All-Stars play China Boy, Wolverine Blues, Apex Blues, Minor Drag, plus 8 others

9. AHMAD JAMAL TRIO. Love for Sale, Perfidia, Rica Pulpa, Donkey Serenade, Autumn Leaves, 5 others

BILLIE HOLIDAY

10. LIONEL HAMPTON—Golden Vibes. My Prayer, My Funny Valentine, But Beautiful, Satin Doll, 8 more

11. LIONEL HAMPTON—Apollo Hall Concert, 1954. "Hamp" plays How High the Moon, Stardust, Lover Man, Midnight Sun, 4 others

12. TEDDY WILSON & HIS TRIO — "Gypsy" in Jazz. Everything's Coming Up Roses, Together Wherever We Go, Some People, 9 others

FRANK SINATRA

13. TURK MURPHY—When the Saints Go Marching In. Roll Jordan, Roll; Down in Jungle Town; Evolution Mama; etc.

14. COUNT BASIE — One O'Clock Jump. Mutton-Leg Beaver Junction, I'm Confessin', Patience and Fortitude, I Ain't Got Nobody, etc.

15. COUNT BASIE — April in Paris. Sweety Cakes, Shiny Stockings, Corner Pocket, Mambo Inn, Midgets, 5 more

16. BENNY GOODMAN — The Great Benny Goodman. Let's Dance; King Porter Stomp, Avalon, Sing, Sing, Sing; etc.

17. ELLA FITZGERALD—Gershwin Song Book, Vol. I. But Not For Me, Clap Yo' Hands, Fascinatin' Rhythm, Love Is Here to Stay, plus 8 more

22. SARAH VAUGHAN — After Hours. Street of Dreams, You're Mine, You; Black Coffee; Deep Purple; 8 more

23. BILLIE HOLIDAY — Lady Day. Miss Brown to You, Billie's Blues; Me, Myself and I; Easy Living; 8 more

24. BESSIE SMITH — The Bessie Smith Story, Vol. I. With Louis Armstrong. St. Louis Blues, Jailhouse Blues, Down-Hearted Blues, 9 more

29. DUKE ELLINGTON — Indigos. Solitude, Where or When, Mood Indigo, Prelude to a Kiss, Willow Weep for Me, Tenderly, plus 3 more

30. DUKE ELLINGTON — At Newport. Blues to Be There, Festival Junction, Newport Up, Jeep's Blues, etc.

31. THE JAZZ MESSENGERS — Drum Suite. With the Art Blakey Percussion Ensemble. Nica's Tempo, Cubano Chant, Just for Marty, etc.

GENE KRUPA

32. LOUIS ARMSTRONG—The Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. I. "Satchmo" and his Hot Five play Muskrat Ramble, The Last Time, 10 more

33. LOUIS ARMSTRONG—Ambassador Satch. The All-Stars play Dardanella, All of Me, Tiger Rag, plus 7 others

LIONEL HAMPTON

34. MICHEL LEGRAND — Legrand Jazz. Jitterbug Waltz, In a Mist, Night in Tunisia, Wild Man Blues, 7 others

35. THE SOUND OF JAZZ. 8 great numbers by Red Allen, Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Jimmy Guiffre and others

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JOHNNY MATHIS

38. JOHNNY MATHIS — Open Fire, Two Guitars. With guitarists Al Caiola and Tony Mottola. Embraceable You, An Open Fire, I'll Be Seeing You, Tenderly, 8 more

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COUNT BASIE

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41. ART VAN DAMME QUINTET — Manhattan Time. Stella by Starlight, Temptation Rag, I Saw Stars, plus 8 others

42. ROY HAMILTON — You'll Never Walk Alone. I Believe, If I Loved You, Ebb Tide, Unchained Melody, 8 more

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25. MAHALIA JACKSON—Newport 1958. I'm On My Way, Walk Over God's Heaven, Didn't It Rain, 9 others

26. MILES DAVIS—Porgy and Bess. It Ain't Necessarily So; Bess, You Is My Woman Now; Summertime; 10 others

27. MILES DAVIS — 'Round About Midnight. All of You, Bye Bye Blackbird, Dear Old Stockholm, Ah-Leu-Cha, etc.

28. BIX BEIDERBECKE — The Bix Beiderbecke Story, Vol. I. ThouSwell, Louisiana, Sorry, Goose Pimples, 8 more

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Dick Sidman
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

SOUP'S ON

The recipes in Thomas Mario's November article, *Beautiful Soup*, sound great and I intend to try several of them soon. In one spot, he mentions a "bouquet garni." What is that, exactly?

Roger Jacobs
Seaside, Oregon

Mario says: "A bouquet garni, extremely useful to the soup man, is a small bag filled with whole spices and herbs. The bag is made from a small piece of cheesecloth and is tied with a string which is attached to the handle of the pot. When the soup is finished, and the infusion of flavors is completed, the bag is removed from the pot. A typical bouquet garni would be made up of 8 or 10 whole peppercorns, a bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon leaf thyme, 6 sprigs of fresh parsley, 1 or 2 whole cloves and 1 or 2 whole allspice. A prepared bouquet garni, made up of coarsely chopped herbs, is now available at many spice counters."

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Why doesn't anyone ever comment on the *After Hours* section of PLAYBOY? It's certainly one of the foremost departments of introduction of any mag on the stands, ranking with *The Talk of the Town* section of the only other decent magazine out these days.

Charles Simon
Augusta, Maine

I have often enjoyed the unintentionally humorous signs to which you occasionally call attention in *Playboy After Hours*. Passing a sedate local Y.W.C.A.

recently, I saw a newly erected sign (photo enclosed) announcing what sounded like an interesting affair, a "smorgas*broad*." Accidental or deliberate, I'm sure there was a large turnout!

George H. Tuell
Louisville, Kentucky

Playboy After Hours should have lingered awhile west of Bryn Mawr. On

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that sign you saw with the string of place names, beginning with Peach Bottom and Bareville and ending, as it must for most men, in Churchtown and Grimsville, you read a common version of the American landscape, but it's not the only story. In the same vicinity are a few other places, a tour of which makes a shorter story, and one that I've always felt might have come from the notebook of Guy de Maupassant: Bird-in-the-Hand, Intercourse, Paradise. After passing through this experience, you can still try your luck a few miles north, in Rich Maiden, or, also in the neighborhood, Virginville, a tiny hamlet that more than any place in the country celebrates America's dauntless optimism.

Carl Kern
Hartford, Connecticut

In addition to saying that your magazine is well worth the exorbitant price we pay down here, may I add the following comment: in your *Who Needs* column you missed the most important of all: "Censorship!"

John Gardner
Mexico City, Mexico

What the hell do you mean, "*Who Needs* rebel flags"? As a native Texan, I feel it is my duty to inform you that the rebel flag is a symbol of the traditions and history of the South.

James Swope
Arlington, Texas

You ask "*Who Needs* virgins?" One must begin somewhere.

Jerome M. Weinraub
Coral Gables, Florida

Who needs: *Who Needs*?

F. W. De Vries
Louisville, Kentucky

TELEPROMPTER HEART

Have you heard from Shirley MacLaine—or rather, her scriptwriters—yet?

William J. Dunning
Washington, D.C.

Re: Ray Russell's *The Girl with the Teleprompter Heart*. I doubt if you will do me the courtesy of printing my comments. One of the aspects of Mr. Russell's little sermon on the virtues of originality which most impressed me was that his clever little playlet at the end is so related in concept to the classic "Mr. Arbuthnot" articles in *The New Yorker*. I'm sure, however, that Mr. Russell was unaware of the similarity, so we will let it pass. Let me stress that it wasn't Mr. Russell's attitude that disturbed me as much as it was his altitude. He assumed a very elevated and superior position, but the closing line in his article proved that his level of decency, intellect and taste is somewhat

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less than subterranean. I thought that type of gutter insinuation went out of style with the exposé magazines. I've always enjoyed your magazine, and I do hope you will not encourage writers of Mr. Russell's obvious talents and dubious tastes to make PLAYBOY a DP camp for all the refugees from the exposé school of journalism.

Shirley MacLaine
Hollywood, California

'Twas all meant in fun, Shirley, for PLAYBOY *often satirizes what it also admires. Others who've felt the sting of Ray Russell's acid pen: Paddy Chayefsky, Tennessee Williams.*

NEIMAN'S HOUNDS

Some years back I, on a number of occasions, rode with the Moore County Hounds. LeRoy Neiman's paintings in the December PLAYBOY have brought my memories up to date. It was of particular interest to me to compare my impressions as a participant with those of an artist. This personalized treatment of such an event is certainly refreshing after so many documentary or purely pictorial features I've seen in other magazines.

Earl Norman
New York, New York

You just don't find artists of Neiman's calibre doing things for magazines!

J. Bryan
Chicago, Illinois

Neiman's hunting scenes have all the quality and verve of Degas and Dufy combined.

Diane Eley
Brookline, Massachusetts

Is LeRoy Neiman the same artist who had several massive paintings of bars and bottles on exhibition at Chicago's Navy Pier a couple of years back as part of a city-wide exhibit? Does he display at galleries? Are those his paintings that appear on the walls in your *Playboy's Penthouse* show?

F. Slick
Chicago, Illinois

Yes; yes; and yes.

HOME BARS AND BLONDES

Congratulations on the beautiful four-page spread, *The Gentleman's Home Bar.*

David Corman
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

I particularly enjoyed the February article *The Gentleman's Home Bar,* but what really shook me up was the scrumptious blonde sitting at the bar on page 68. Who is this doll?

Charles Heitman
Washington, D.C.

Cynthia Maddox of PLAYBOY*'s Personnel Department.*

Harry Belafonte's dream of recording an album of rare, authentic chain gang songs comes true at last. The Belafonte Folk Singers join in this collection of dramatic music of the chained convict toiling on the road under a scorching sun...or in the bunkhouse, singing the lonesomest of blues.

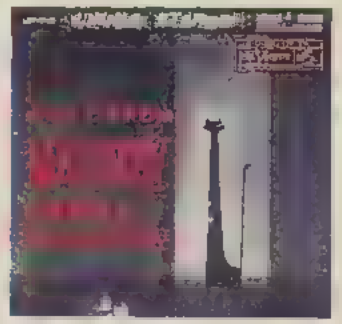
Frankie Carle touches the piano and out flow notes of pure gold. In this showcase, the gold is set against a variety of musical backgrounds: voices and strings, strings and brass, a smooth-flowing rhythm section. The tunes, including fine originals, are gems that belong in solid gold settings!

Henry Mancini's high-voltage "Peter Gunn" was the first TV score to triumph as a record. A second "Gunn" album matched the feat. Now, Mancini portrays a new TV character. "Mr. Lucky" is a cosmopolite, and Mancini writes for him in moods of tingling mystery, suave sophistication, sultry romance and modern jazz. It's new, it's thrilling...it's Mancini!

The diminutive choir of RCA Victor's Hugo and Luigi consists of 22 lark-like lads and lassies. The happy inspiration here was to give them some unlikely songs to sing, such as "Lullaby of Birdland," "Love and Marriage," "Don't Fence Me In," and "True Love." The result – most refreshing!

Red hot! This peppery package unites, for the first time, Rosemary Clooney and Perez Prado's big band. The "Touch of Tabasco" title is our subtle way of suggesting that their concoction of songs, in mambo and cha-cha tempos, is liberally laced with spicy Latin flavors. Keep the ice water handy!

From trail and campfire comes this Western sound roundup by the Sons of the Pioneers. "Coo Coo Water," "Red River Valley," "Wagon Wheels"—18 songs in all are sung here just as the pre-TV cowboys sang them. There's nothing quite like this album west of the Pecos...or west of Broadway!



the world's greatest artists are on... RCA VICTOR

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Wash-and-Wear Suit of the Year!

Slugger Harmon Killebrew's eye for clothes is as keen as his batting eye. His home and travel "uniform", off the field, is the airy-light Northcool Vycott wash-and-wear suit, made with Vycron, newest self-care fiber with a major break-thru in eye-appeal.

The Northcool Vycott sheds wrinkles while you wear it . . . needs little, if any, iron'ing even after machine washing. Thanks to the Vycron in the SPINCO Vycott Poplin (65% Vycron Polyester Fiber — 35% combed cotton) . . . it gives you the ultra-smart color and luxurious texture you could never get before in a wash-and-wear suit. And it's certified for quality and wash-and-wear performance by United States Testing Co.

"The Northcool Vycott suit is in a league by itself," says Harmon Killebrew. Why don't you look it over! $39.95 at fine stores, everywhere.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

There's a theatre in Hollywood called The Silent Movie where, for a mere 60¢, you can take a seat, fasten your safety belt, and be instantaneously catapulted forty years into the past. While the film societies offer art, this establishment specializes in entertainment. *The Battleship Potemkin* loses out in favor of a Wallace Beery–Raymond Hatton opus called *We're in the Navy Now*. The popular pictures of this era recapture the past with a thoroughness surpassing Proust. In the very silence of its movies, one hears the real voice of the Roaring Twenties — as Clara Bow shimmies atop a table and Harold Lloyd teeters atop a skyscraper. Once again Chaplin twirls his cane, Valentino flares his nostrils, Von Stroheim nibbles at the pinkies of Mae Busch, and Doug Fairbanks displays the deftness that made D'Artagnan the greatest swordsman in all Beverly Hills. In this vanished world Felix the Cat is king of animated cartoons — who ever heard of Mickey Mouse? The bill changes weekly and includes a complete selection of short subjects featuring Mabel Normand, Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin, Lupino Lane and the rest of the Keystone, Christie and Educational stars. It is not unusual to see, amongst one's fellow-passengers, aged versions of the very figures that flicker across the screen, for quite a number of silent movie stars are silent movie fans. We don't pretend to know what today's Hopalong Cassidy thought as he watched youthful Bill Boyd in *The Volga Boatman*, but we came away from that performance with a lasting impression which was not due to the hard seat alone. There are certain therapeutic benefits to time-traveling. Ignoring those who will accuse us of a desire to return to the womb, we unashamedly admit we love the warm darkness of The Silent Movie where we can seek the security of a bygone era in which Pearl White is certain to be rescued from the railroad track, Tom Mix will beat the living daylights out of Noah Beery, and everything turns out all right in the last reel. How about more such movie houses all over the country? Or a nationwide TV series of full-length (not clips of) silents?

•

Sign on a driveway at Indiana State Teachers College in Terre Haute: NO PARKING — MAXIMUM 10 MINUTES

•

A chap we know happened to get a black eye (prosaically enough, by walking into the time-honored door), so he had a photo made of himself and sent copies to all his friends. On each, he wrote: "Nobody can talk like that about you when I'm around."

•

Ad from the *Baltimore News-Post*: GETTING MARRIED OR HAVING AN AFFAIR? OVERLEA HALL . . . BELAIR ROAD . . CALL MR. RESNICK.

•

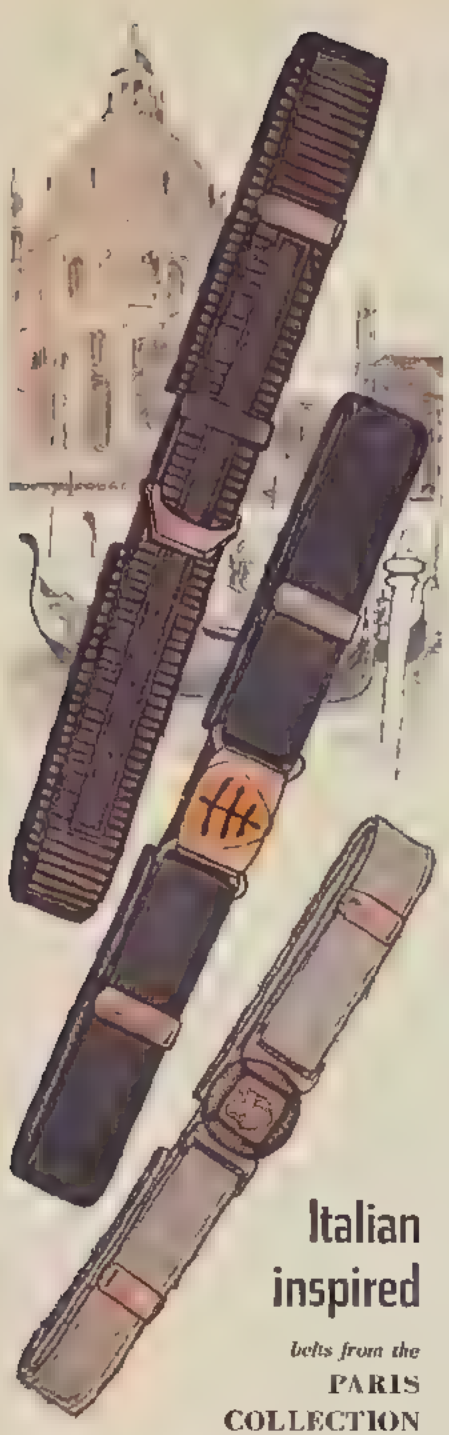
Perhaps because we edit a magazine, we're overly conscious of words as such, but once in a while, just before we drop off to sleep, we're jolted awake by a virtue or vice of our language that hasn't occurred to us before. Like: if *telegraph* is a medium and *telegram* the message conveyed by that medium, why isn't a camera called a *photograph* and why isn't there a word *photogram* to denote that which the "photograph" produces? We got to brooding about this and developed an absolute fondness for that perfectly useful, sensible *photogram* languishing in the limbo of unborn, unwanted words. Following this late-late logic, we deemed *phonograph* a reasonable label for the machine that plays the records, but why the hell are records called "records" instead of *phonograms*? Reaching further into the sleepless dark, we wondered why there are words *pornography* and *pornographic* but no *pornographs* or *pornograms*. Wouldn't *pornogram* be a nifty name for a naughty postcard? The very word *graph* should actually be *gram*, come to think of it, and why are those words that refer to different specimens of handwriting *autograph* and *holograph* not *autogram* and *hologram*? Consider, too, the sad case of *epigraph* and *epigram* — words that should be related to each other but aren't, the first meaning a quotation stuck in front of a book or on top of a chapter, the second meaning a short, clever morsel of original wisdom. Same thing with *monograph* (a scholarly paper) and *monogram* (the ego-massaging initials some cornballs wear on their neckties): the two words are almost identical but have nothing in common at all! Our musings ground to a halt at that point and gave way to dreams (graphic dreams) in which we thrashed tormentedly on a bed full of cracker crumbs. They were gram cracker crumbs, of course.

•

O Tempora O Mores Department: Jean Plaidy's novel, *The Goldsmith's Wife*, is now available in paperback. New title is *The King's Mistress*.

•

If anyone doubts that our adult world is reflected in the activities of kiddies, let him lamp the ads for the Crashmobile, a new toy: "CRASHMOBILE. New! Triple Action! Wrecks Itself! Roll it on floor . . . head it into anything. CRASH! a wreck! Entire car flies apart.



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The Ferrari, top—1" elastic with racy Continental detailing and Hook Buckle. $3.50

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PARIS

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Goes together in seconds and WHAM! another crash!" Costs a scant 98¢ and — it says here — "does no damage."

BOOKS

Spanish surrealist Salvador Dali has held a nutty position in the world of art for over twenty-five years. Though critics and colleagues have often ignored him as a serious painter, he has been granted more attention from the press than any other living artist. In ***The Case of Salvador Dali*** (Little, Brown, $6.50) Fleur Cowles, founder of that chic and now defunct magazine, *Flair*, divides her study into three sections, the man the genius and the screwball. While taking in her stride the head-scratching antics of her old friend Dali — his compulsion as a child to toss himself down staircases, his chewing the wood and glass of a china cabinet, his use of fish glue as a hair dressing — she accepts them paranoiac implications, and documents her diagnosis with excerpts from Freud. But in Dali's canvases, that world of rubbery watches, phallic crutches and limpid fried eggs, Fleur Cowles finds a mystic statement that is both dazzling and profound. The paintings, the lady claims, reflect Dali's whopping intellect a greatness of mind that never fails to astonish her when she is in his company. Let the conflict rage, says the author, "the unlimited pleasure we have every day from his paintings more than offsets the criticism we hear of him." Complete with letters, a glossary of Dalian lingo and thirty-three pages of photographs, *The Case* offers a multi-faceted and entertaining view of its subject and his work.

•

A jazz combo leader who believes the best music is blown by emotional wrecks and chooses his sidemen accordingly; a bullfighter whose manager sends him to certain death for a fee, a husband who sneaks away from his wife to keep dates with a beautiful Duesenberg . . . these oddballs and others even odder populate Charles Beaumont's third collection ***Night Ride and Other Journeys*** (Bantam, $3.95). Less fantastic but not one whit less imaginative than his previous collections (*Yonder, The Hunger*), this batch contains five new yarns never before unveiled, of the remaining "journeys," half of them maiden-voyaged in PLAYBOY. (Beaumont's latest journey is the sentimental sort, see page 33 of this issue.)

•

During the past dozen years PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Ken Purdy has written voluminously and lucidly about automobiles and the men who have built

You're More Man

than you think you are in YMM* SLACKS

These are the YMM Slacks that are sounding the season's highest note! Pockets are up front where they belong (polo style)...and legs are tapered way down to here! New Velcro Side Adjusters have more grip, more zip! Exclusive Permahold prevents "waist curl", and shirt hugs do just that! YMM Slacks from about $9.95 to $22.50 at better stores. Or write Playboy Reader Service Department.

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DIV. of JAYMAR-RUBY INC., MICHIGAN CITY, IND.
*YOUNG MAN'S MODEL *T. M. Reg. †Pat. Pend

Left Art Pinder great white underwater hunter of the Caribbean Warren Miller, ski and adventure cameraman and lecturer beautiful tourist from the Arawak hotel, photos by Tom Kelley.

Below Jantzen International Sports Club expedition members to Jamaica. Pinder in bow, Bob Cousy, W Miller, Frank Gifford

Is it possible that we are the only ones who know how to make formfitted trunks?

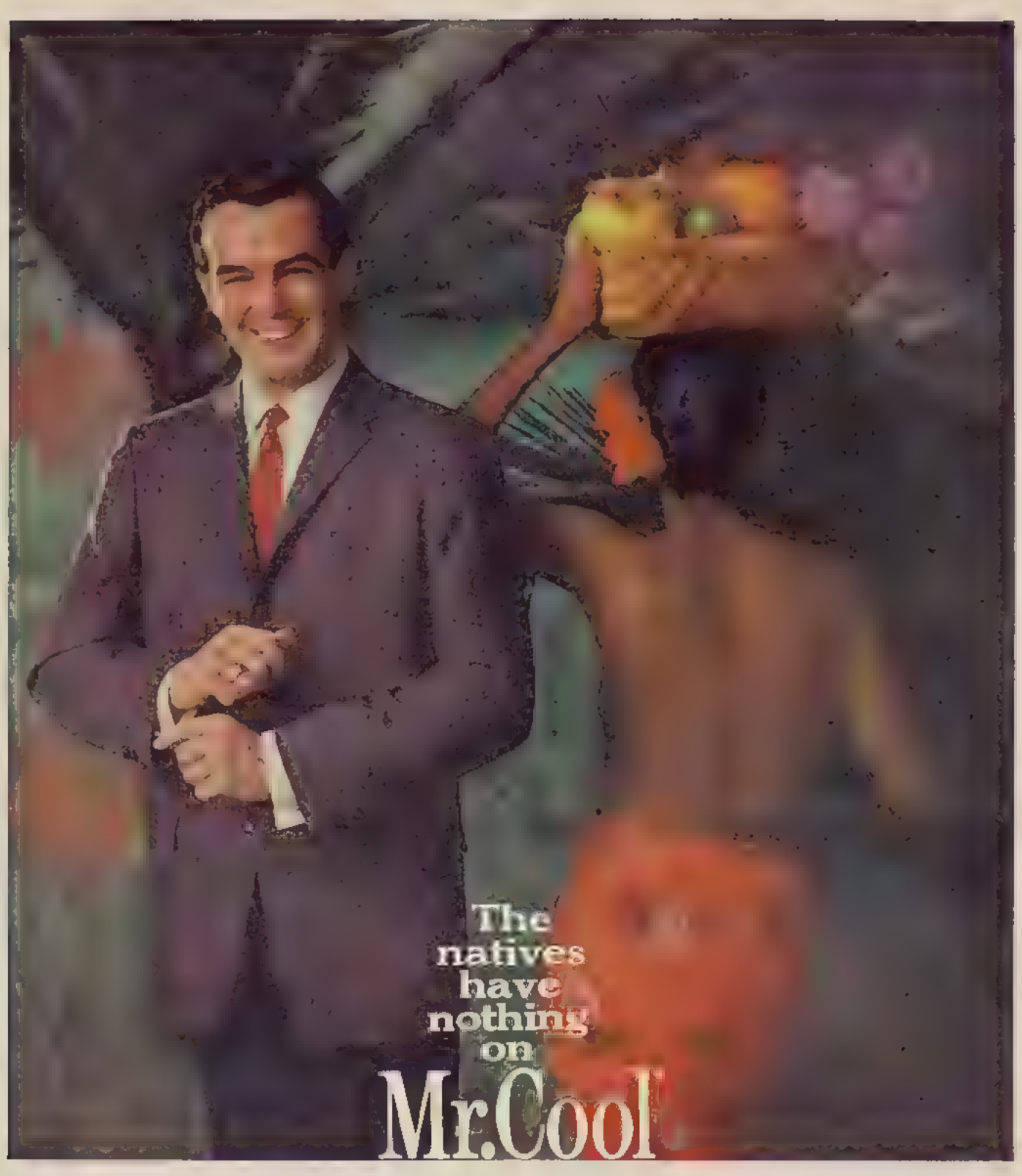
Possible, possible; we keep hearing that no one tailors them like we do. If this is true, we can learn to live with it; as long as the situation exists, we shall keep you informed.

Take the great trunks on Art Pinder. Square-cut legs are the popular style this season, but of even greater importance is that these woven formfitted trunks will stay good looking and comfortable for many summers to come. Perhaps it takes years in the business to learn that trunks cannot be built for looks alone. At any rate, we require that they be comfortable, well tailored, and good looking; if they're not, they're not a Jantzen. Or maybe the wrong size.

Warren Miller wears the beachnik striped knit trunks with the wide web belt that will be a favorite; it is only one of many great Jantzen knits available. Warren's trunks are $7.00; Art's are $6.00; in the right sizes, in many colors, at the better stores.

Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Ore

SPORTSWEAR FOR SPORTSMEN · Jantzen



WORLD'S LIGHTEST SPORT COAT! At first try-on, a MR. COOL sport coat is as incredible as the Indian Rope Trick. No sport coat could possibly feel so weightless! But this 6 oz. Dacron and worsted is true, all true — right down to the amazing wr nkle-resistance and the fine tailoring Just one illusion — those authentic India madras patterns make you think you're a maharajah See MR COOL sport coats, slacks in contrasting solid shades and suits, at stores coast to coast. Stripped down prices, too! SPORT COATS $35; SLACKS, $15.50 SUITS, $49.50. (slightly higher in the West) *For store near you, write Trimount Clothing Co , Inc., 18 Station St Boston 20, Mass*

CLIPPER CRAFT

February 28th, 1950:

The Day They Killed Cash

Jim Bishop; Reporter

Jim Bishop, the famous newspaperman, is the author of the best-selling books, "The Day Lincoln Was Shot" and "The Day Christ Died." He is also a widely syndicated columnist.

Cash, of course, has not died. If you think so, try doing without it. In my family it is used freely. Too freely. I have often asked my children if they thought I was made of it and, after a moment of hesitation, they have said: "Yes." This proves that the girls are either not very bright, or too bright.

Bishop

These days, I carry very little cash. The wallet has attained a slimness I wish I could imitate. It holds about twenty dollars, some color photos of my grandchildren, a reporter's police card, an owner and driver's license, a St Christopher medal and a Diners' Club Card.

That's enough to get me where I want to go, and home again safely. I don't need anything else I was studying the Diners' Club Card—a miraculous piece of cardboard—and thinking of how far man has traveled in trying to understand his own needs.

Not too many centuries ago—a slow wink in the eye of Sirius—there were no banks. Whatever currency a family had was kept in jars around the house. If the house burned, or was robbed, the family fortune disappeared. Then came the first private banks, and these economists charged a fee to store money for safekeeping.

It was not until later that bankers found out that money on deposit could be invested for the good of all, and that interest could be paid to the depositor. Some of these men, you will recall, invested unwisely in the years 1907 and 1929, and long lines of discouraged depositors stood before closed banks, hoping the hope of the hopeless.

This led to the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, which means that the United States Government endorsed savings accounts and stopped the failure of banks. It also led to the cheap checking account, through which the average wage earner could pay his bills by writing on a slip of paper. This check was a long step in the right direction. It honored the signature of the private citizen.

Now we have the Diners' Club Card, which is credit carried out as far as it will go. It does much more than cash and has more muscles than a certified check. The D.C. Card keeps track of your expenses. In my case, the card does a great deal of accounting: it tells me how much I spent here, there and everywhere and it is an excellent record of business expenses when income tax time comes.

The card is nearly universal in its use. It can be used to buy thousands of items and services—clothing, dinner, hotel rooms, boats, liquor, tires, cars, plane trips, luggage, stenographic services, recordings, cameras, fishing equipment, gifts, flowers—many, many things. Among the items it will not buy are a space ship, a dental extraction and a guide conducted tour of the Kremlin.

The D.C. executives are working on these. The cost of becoming a member is $5. The low fee led to some suspicion on my part. I figured that if I bought $1,000 worth of merchandise, and The Diners' Club had to bill me for these things, they would be losing money and I do not like to deal with people who lose money.

Then I learned that the Club collects on the other end. It gets discounts on your bills and mine. The restaurants, the luggage shops, the department stores, the airline companies, all pay a small percentage of the bill to Diners' Club. On my end, I pay the straight retail price.

A Diners' Club Card is more important to me than cash. It's a miraculous piece of cardboard.

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IF COMPANY ACCOUNT DESIRED INDICATE COMPANY BANK

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PERSONAL ACCOUNT ☐ *Bill sent to office address*
Card holder assumes individual responsibility with company applicant

11 NY-PB3

Texas Playboys holler down Alaskan claim - "We had Bacardi Parties before Nome had a name!"

BACARDI
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

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Rum, 80 proof

Last month in these pages we reported that Alaskan playboys laid claim to the invention of the Bacardi Party. Not so, say the Longhorn Playboys: *Texas* is the mother of this invention.

As we hope you know, a Bacardi Party is where the guests bring Bacardi, and the host supplies the mixings—*as many as he can turn up!* That's fun, pardner. (In Michigan, we hear, they've invented Bacardi and *Cider!*)

So have yourself a Bacardi Party. Born in Texas (they claim) but great for the entire nation. Only remember—No Bacardi Party can be a Bacardi Party without *Bacardi.*

A man gets seen in 417!

The man in 417 knows what he wants, and *gets* it . . . in travel, in women, in clothes. For a lazy afternoon in the sun, he shines in a "417" pullover sport shirt. A brand-new idea, it's casual as the ocean breeze, yet with a certain air of elegance lingering around the 3-button placket front. It's typical of Van Heusen's "417" Collection of authentically styled dress and leisure wear. At all better men's shops.

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and driven them. He is ranked by many as a world authority. His latest book, ***The Wonderful World of the Automobile*** (Crowell, $4.95), is quite unlike anything else that has appeared on the subject. In part it's an anthology of articles published in magazines here and abroad, PLAYBOY included; in part it's a sardonic reminiscence on the years Purdy has been making the sports-car and racing scene. It contains two short stories, including his well known *Change of Plan*; there are illuminating chapters on safety on the road, an extremely funny bit on crooked garage mechanics and an astonishingly exciting *novella* of 15,000 words based on an accident. There are profiles of three fascinating "auto erotics", Durant, Portago and Chevrolet. Purdy is frankly an apologist for automobile racing, which he considers one of the three "real" sports (other two, mountain-climbing and bullfighting) and he is intrigued by race-drivers. But unlike many apologists, he doesn't throw a blanket of admiration over everything in sight, and unlike most practitioners in this field, Purdy writes very well indeed. If you dig sports cars you'll dig it.

RECORDINGS

It doesn't seem like fifteen years since Mel Tormé was heading his Mel-Tones vocal group on radio's *Fitch Bandwagon* ("Laugh awhile, let a song be your style, use . . ."). Nor have we forgotten the sound of that same group with the Artie Shaw band in the late Forties. Tormé obviously hasn't either. In ***Back in Town—Mel Tormé with the Mel-Tones*** (Verve 2120), the sounds are as refreshing as ever—from a delicate *Baubles, Bangles and Beads* to the glowing Shaw-era arrangement of *What Is This Thing Called Love?* to a flowing blues medley. Marty Paich's hip arrangements and the neat solos of reed man Art Pepper and trumpeter Jack Sheldon are in keeping with the modern pace Tormé sets throughout. Musicological note: the group's slick *Don't Dream of Anybody but Me* may sound familiar. It should. It's Neal Hefti's *Lil' Darlin'*—a Basie stand-by with lyrics.

•

New York, N.Y. (Decca 79216) is jazz composer George Russell's ode to Gotham. It's an LP-long blend of three standards (*Manhattan, Autumn in New York* and *How About You*) and three originals (*Big City Blues, Manhatta-Rico* and *A Helluva Town*), framed by narration written and recited by Jon Hendricks. Russell's scoring is solid and Hendricks is his happily sharp self. The presence of some skilled soloists is a

Are you a traditional buff—or do you go for Continental stuff?

Whichever you like, you'll like the way you look in a Summer Suit by H·I·S

The guy at left of the Stutz Bearcat is wearing a traditional job with shoulders strictly his own. High-notch lapeled 3 button coat has flapped pockets, center vent. Trim, tapered, pleatless Post-Grad Slacks complete the fashion picture.

It's a pipe to be avant-garde and all that jazz in the shaped and shortened Continental coat on the right . . . with natural shoulders, side vents and slanted hacking pockets *sans* flaps. With slim-cut, pleatless, no-belt Quad Slacks *sans* cuffs.

In a wide variety of washable all-cotton fabrics and automatic wash-and-wear Dacron blends . . . . . $19.95 to $35

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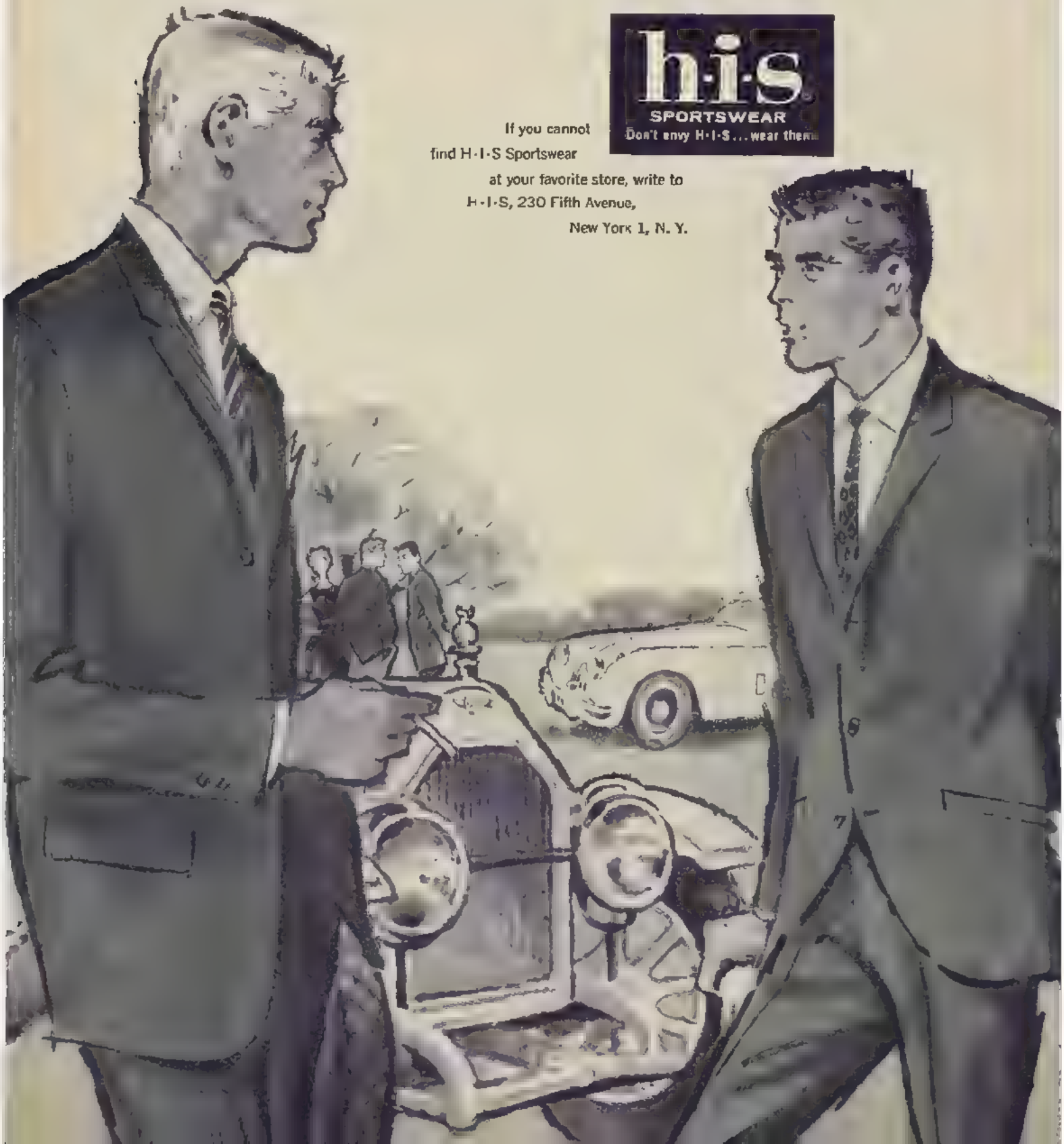

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Pack of 20 35¢

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—PIONEERS IN MODERN CIGARS—

distinct virtue, too. Among them are Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Bill Evans, piano; Benny Golson and John Coltrane, tenors; Art Farmer, trumpet, Phil Woods, alto and Max Roach, drums.

•

Jazz for Young Moderns (Bethlehem BCP 79) is the title of one of those LPs liable to get lost in the shuffle of the overloaded disc market, and too good to rate such a fate. Under the leadership of Tony Ortega, a triple-threat waiter (alto, clarinet and flute), it has five charts by Nat Pierce and five by Bob Zieff. The group that plays the latter set includes that *rara avis*, a genuine modern jazz violinist, name of Dick Wetmore, and his solos alone are worth the tariff. Zieff's writing, with an odd framework that takes in trumpet, bass clarinet, French horn and bassoon, is richly inventive and unique in small band scoring. The fact that the trumpeter is Art Farmer does no harm either.

•

One of the most cutting facets of Lenny Bruce's latest biscuit – ***Lenny Bruce*** (Fantasy 7007) – is the cover. In front of a statue of Lincoln are five Negroes in Ku Klux Klan garb. Leading the Klan is Bruce, embracing two chicks: one Negro, one oriental. He's gripping a large sign that simply says "Togetherness." Bruce's appeal inside the jacket is less pointed; only a few tracks are memorable. Among them: Bruce's observations that prowling coastal sharks are defeating the fly now pay later plan and also that "Pellagra is the hippest disease to have." Except for a nineteen minute discourse on a comedian who bombs at the London Palladium, there's nothing but brief fragments from the Bruce sick book. Attempted demolitions of television, Hollywood, Miami, Governor Long and other meaty targets are more often whimpers than bangs. Bruce's record-company aides have done him few favors in assembling scraps from his nightclub performances for this platter. Instead of an assorted hodgepodge of segments, why not fifty minutes of uninterrupted, unexpurgated Bruce?

•

The Newport Jazz Festival has had its moments, but few have surpassed the amazing performance of the teenage band Marshall Brown assembled for the 1959 bash. Fortunately, the sound of that crack band is preserved on ***The Newport Youth Band*** (Coral 757306). The oldest member is eighteen, the youngest fourteen. Yet this isn't child's play: the sounds are crisply Basie-ish, with section work and solos that the Count himself would cotton to. The tunes are gems, including *Tiny's Blues*, Ernie Wilkins' *Power Glide* and *Blues Inside Out*. George

BRANDY CASK

This handsome white oak brass-hooped Brandy Cask will really add class to your drinking. Paraffin lined to preserve the taste of your finest liquid refreshments, with an authentic wooden spigot and personalized brass name plate. It holds a half gallon. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed. Send only **$12.50** along with name to be engraved on brass plate to:

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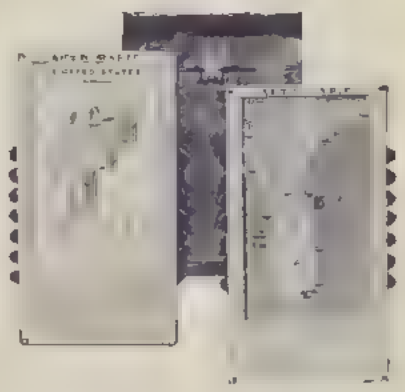

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Wallington's boppish *Lemon Drop* and Brown's brassy *Copter Square*. Trombonist Benny Jacobs-El, pianist Mike Abene, alto boy Andy Marsala and drummer Larry Rosen are among the spark plugs, but it's the casual, fluid playing of tenor man Mike Citron that assures us that the future of jazz is in great hands.

•

New York's Town Hall has been the site of many recitals in its thirty-nine year history, but few could match in scope the one Nina Simone presented in the hallowed hall last September. The high points of that performance comprise ***Nina Simone at Town Hall*** (Colpix 409). The singer-pianist conquers various worlds in this outing: folk ballad (*Black Is the Color*), pop standard (*Exactly Like You*), bistro ballad (*The Other Woman*), instrumental blues (*Under the Lowest*), vocal blues (*Fine and Mellow*), Broadway (*Summertime*), Hollywood (*Wild Is the Wind*), Afro-Cuban instrumental (*Return Home*) and traditional American folk song (*Cotton Eyed Joe*). It is an astonishing program, and not simply in the breadth of material that few artists can match. Miss Simone sings soulfully and—unlike many of her contemporaries—musically. Her piano-playing is much more than we've learned to expect from singers. It's technically fluent and strongly moving. If you haven't heard her before, now's the time.

•

André Previn—composer, arranger, musical director, conductor, classical pianist and jazz adventurer—comes of age in the last designation on ***André Previn's Trio Jazz: King Size*** (Contemporary 3570). Always a brisk technician pianist Previn rarely has stretched out on record; he's been tasteful but untried. Backed here by bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frankie Capp however, Previn takes his time in thoroughly examining just six tunes: *I'll Remember April*, *You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*, *It Could Happen to You*, *I'm Beginning to See the Light* and two Previn blues, *Much Too Late* and *Love and Inside*. On the last pair he displays more insight into jazz than he's ever indicated before; they're vigorously earthy, moody inventions. Mitchell and Capp are tops in support, but that's no surprise. What's new here is the emergence of a big-league jazz pianist in Previn.

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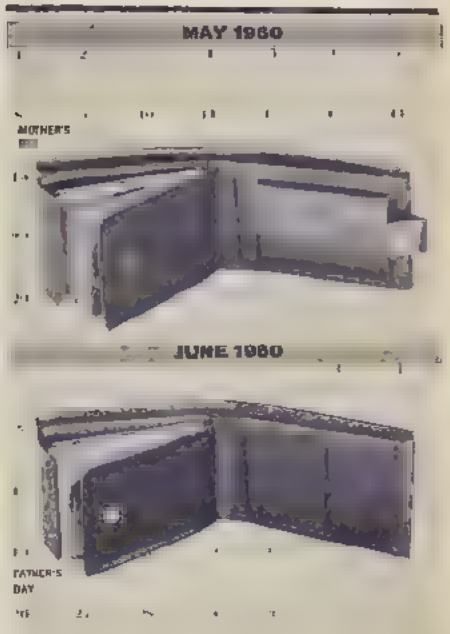

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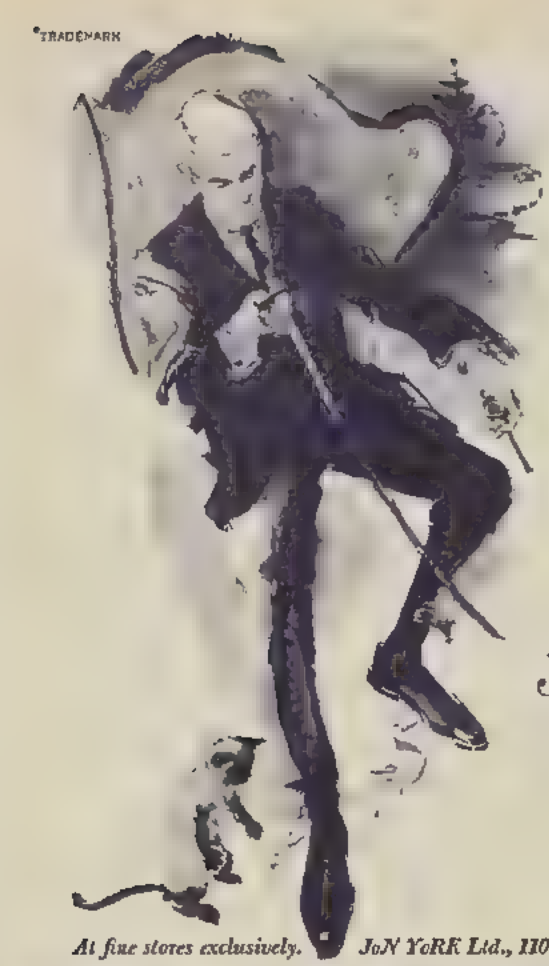

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comparative disaster. Lillian Hellman's first play in almost nine years is the thoughtful work of an old pro. Her dialog is as accurate as radar, and her feeling for character is still as sharp as a surgeon's knife. There is also the matter of creating excitement on stage, of involving a well-fed and secure audience with the chancy people behind the footlights, and this Miss Hellman also ably accomplishes with the assistance of dynamic director Arthur (*The Miracle Worker, Two for the Seesaw*) Penn. The frustrated New Orleans spinsters of *Toys* are the Berners sisters, Carrie (Maureen Stapleton) and Anna (Anne Revere), who love their no-good brother Julian (Jason Robards, Jr.) after their respective fashions. Carrie is smug and sweet and unknowingly incestuous; Anna is the calm observer who keeps things to herself. One day foolish, feckless Julian comes home from Chicago with a child bride (Rochelle Oliver), a parcel of presents and a pocketful of money. The effect is disastrous. This is a family that cannot stand or understand success from the idolized male they wanted to keep in a state of perpetual infancy. Julian's comeuppance, when he's robbed and horribly mutilated, puts the drab New Orleans house irrevocably back where it was in the beginning. Miss Hellman manages to out-Faulkner Tennessee Williams, out-Williams Truman Capote, and occasionally out-Hellman Hellman. Like: Julian's mother-in-law (Irene Worth) is a wealthy, tight-lipped woman with a Negro lover (Percy Rodriguez); Julian's child bride is a frightening case of nymphomania with a touch of imbecility. And so on. At the Hudson Theatre, West 44th Street, NYC.

•

A Thurber Carnival is all James and a smile wide. Ordinarily one takes this humorist for granted, someone to be read by the fireside, contemplatively, with a sheep dog nuzzling the pages; but somehow, with Tom Ewell, Paul Ford, Peggy Cass and a few others skittering around on stage under Burgess Meredith's impish direction, his superlative wit and whimsy are effortlessly translated to the animated world of the theatre. No point in bounding the cockeyed longitude and lassitude of the Thurber country — from the daydreaming Walter Mitty and a drunken General Grant at Appomattox to a pair of tipsy commuters on a shopping tour from Macy's to Altman's. It suffices to say that almost everything in this stage piece has a special meaning for people with sad dogs and somnolent seals, for men who can never get mermaids to sit up straight in chairs — in other words,

just about all of us. At the ANTA, 245 West 52nd Street, NYC.

FILMS

Those sated with Japanese exoticism in films should find *Ikiru* fascinating. This most recent work to appear here by the director of *Rashomon*, Akira Kurosawa, is, in addition to many other things, a story of life in Japan today. *Ikiru* ("To Live," as the distributor has it, or "Living") is the story of the last six months of a dying bureaucrat. If that sounds dull, Mr. Kurosawa has some surprises. Not the least of them is the wildly unorthodox and successful treatment of the last third of the picture. By this point the hero is already dead, after having survived: the casual and cutting ingratitude of his only son, for whose benefit he thought he was living; a doomed but touching romance with a young woman; and an awareness of the waste that has been his life. Suddenly we are at his wake. There, as the talk and the *sake* flow, we gradually discover in a series of flashbacks (each told from the viewpoint of the various and mostly unsympathetic mourners) the hero's last and perhaps only real accomplishment: the construction of a tiny park where once there had been a swamp. The heroism of this tiny conquest of the System, petty officialdom, indifference, what you will, is made infinitely more tragic and relevant for its being told by complacent careerists, fools and scoundrels. A film of caring, of commitment.

•

The story of *The Story on Page One* is a bore, but the acting isn't. Clifford Odets, given control of the direction as well as the script for the first time since *None but the Lonely Heart*, has made the most of his chance to put together a cast that really supports the commercially essential stars. The courtroom drama he has given them, however, is insupportable. Almost from the beginning you are told that housewife Rita Hayworth and her timid accountant boyfriend are innocent of murdering her brutish detective husband. And from that moment on you are certain that defense attorney Anthony Franciosa, though overacting as usual, cannot lose his case. This would be a violation of the unwritten code of the happy ending to which Jerry Wald, the producer, surely subscribes. Hence no suspense. Only classics and Westerns are endurable when the outcome is known in advance; and there is never any real doubt about Rita and Tony's victory. This said, though, it must be remarked that Odets and the rest of the cast give you plenty to watch: Mildred Dunnock as

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the genteel but vicious mother of Rita's boyfriend (well played by Gig Young) Katherine Squire as Rita's mother, a sure portrait of a simple woman graced with great understanding and a fine sense of humor; prosecutor Sanford Meisner judge Hugh Griffith; and Jay Adler as a hard-of-hearing insurance salesman. Odets also gives you much to listen to: just about his best dialog to date, unmarred by any of the old "urban poetry"; there isn't a word that rings false. Next time out he just may produce a real winner.

•

Expresso Bongo is a seamy, steamy little comedy about lowlife and highlife in the English pop music business, which it seems is all too depressingly similar to ours. Briefly, this is the story of the making of a rock 'n'-roll star, and the undoing of the entrepreneur who made him. Grim as the preceding may sound, there are lots of laughs in *Bongo*; the film is an adaptation of a very successful musical by one of England's wittier writers, Wolf Mankowitz. But many of the laughs are as cheap and empty and predictable as the people who provide them. Those who saw the stage version say that much of its edge has been blunted in translation to the screen. Surprises include a real live burley line wiggling and jiggling almost in the raw; also a rousing performance by Laurence Harvey as the tough little promoter who nearly shoves his way into the bigtime via his ersatz Presley. It's a big switch for Harvey, from cool to hot and when he's not imitating Danny Kaye or himself, he's convincing. About the only sticky thing the plot lacks is payola.

•

Seven Thieves drops Edward G. Robinson, Rod Steiger, Eli Wallach and a few other heavies onto Monte Carlo, puts into their minds an intricate plan for a safe-cracking caper, allows them to carry it off per schedule, then deftly louses them up and manages to satisfy audience and Code alike by neatly allowing the best of the bad guys to walk off unscathed and rich while the nasties go to their various dooms. Robinson, an actor who keeps ripening through the years, is a joy to watch. Steiger runs him a close second and is alloted one very wet, typically Steigerean weeping scene that good actor, Wallach, is stuck in a role that is just not flashy enough for his colorful talents. Joan Collins hangs around, supplementing the decor, and does two low-down, underdressed dances. Scripted by Sydney Boehm and directed by Henry Hathaway, this film is plenty fun.

•

Now that the Soviet has finally released the late Sergei Eisenstein's ***Ivan the Terrible: Part II***, the film's history seems

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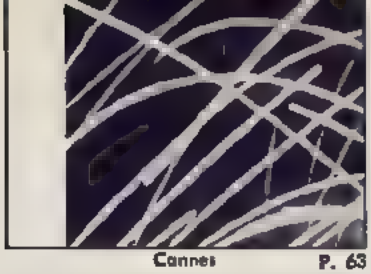
more mysterious than ever. It was banned, presumably by Stalin, some fourteen years ago. Why we may never know. For Part II involves much more justification of terror than the first part and includes very much the same sort of bellicose patriotism as the last speech in *Alexander Nevsky*. Speculation about this and other aspects of the Eisenstein tragedy probably will continue for as long as the art of film is discussed. Meanwhile, it is sad to report that Part II is a bit of a disappointment. It continues the story of Ivan from the death of his wife through the crushing of all his enemies within the country (the aristocratic boyars), including at last members of his own family, and ends with Ivan threatening "to raise the sword of justice against the enemies outside." Had Ivan-Stalin (magnificently played by Nikolai Cherkassov) been presented with anything but the utmost sympathy, the banning of the film all these years might be comprehensible. But throughout he is a hero with the conscience of a Hamlet. The disappointment for film buffs, however, is not in this, but in the baroque, theatrical style of it all. This style, stilted and static, the grandiosity of posture and gesture, thrills all of those who prefer the theatrical to the filmic—even in movies. If that's what you dig, OK, but Eisenstein knew better, and in his early days showed the world what film could be. There *are* glimpses of genius in this, though, and it's Eisenstein's last film, so you'd better see it if only for the record.

•

Jazz on a Summer's Day, eighty minutes of unadulterated music clocked at the 1958 Newport festival, is the brain child of Bert Stern, a thirty-year-old New York commercial photographer with no previous movie-making experience. There's no real story line, just superb sound, color photography that shows you every shade of pink in Gerry Mulligan's cheeks and a continuity that keeps you gassed from the opening title music (Jimmy Giuffre's *Train and the River*) to the solemnly lovely close (Mahalia Jackson singing *The Lord's Prayer*). Even the comedy notes—Louis Armstrong's interview with emcee Willis Conover, the mugging of Anita O'Day and Dinah Washington—are natural and unobtrusive. Cameras range all the way from tight close ups of Chico Hamilton to roaming panoramas of Newport streets, houses, beaches and yachts. The 7500 feet (distilled from 130,000 shot during the four-day fiesta) are edited and paced well enough to hold you whether your tastes run to Big Maybelle or The Chosen Six. One small complaint: Ellington's big band should have been given the footage wasted on Chuck Berry's rock 'n' roll gymnastics.



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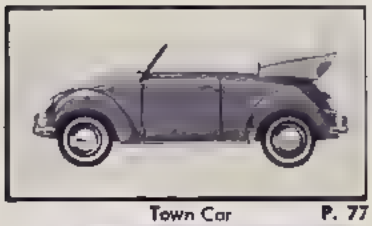

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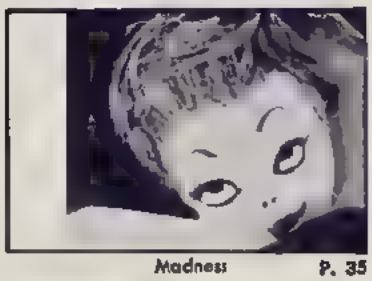

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PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY • vol. 7, no. 5 — may, 1960

TROUBLE IN MAKEOUTSVILLE

a cross-country junket with a boy, a girl and that old devil frustration *fiction* By HERBERT GOLD

I DON'T HAVE MUCH TO RECOMMEND ME BUT GOOD LOOKS, SMART WAYS, AND A RESISTANT HEART. BUT MY LOOKS ARE NOT SO GOOD AS ALL THAT (TWO-COLORED EYES), MY WAYS ARE SMART ENOUGH ONLY TO GET ME IN TROUBLE (AFTERTHOUGHTS, NOSTALGIA, FITS OF TEMPER), AND MY HEART TURNS OUT TO BE SENTIMENTAL JUST WHEN I THINK I HAVE THINGS ALL UNDER CONTROL. YOU HAVE TO BE A GENIUS TO GET ALONG MY WASTING, SPOILING WAY IN THE WORLD, AND I'M NOT A GENIUS. I'M OF THE SPECIES *MAKEIUS OUTIUM*. SOMETIMES I DO; ALWAYS I DON'T. "COMPLEX?" SAYS MAX, MY AGENT. "WHY, LUCKAROONEY, YOU'RE PRACTICALLY RUSSIAN." HE CALLS ME LUCK-

arooney because my name is Lucky. He calls me complex because my life is complicated.

For example, they did a pilot film for a new adult Western with me as the star. Lucky me, you might say. I got to wear the white sombrero — not the star's buddy, not the villain, but the *star*. Howsowhomever, they peddled this show from New York to Havana, and it was the sole and only Western series they couldn't sell that year. My luck. A few weeks' work, then dumped on the street again, and wheeled around in my agent's barrow. I was offered work in a stag movie, and they promised to help me out by cutting and splicing, splicing and cutting, so I wouldn't have to worry about my performance — and I could wear a false nose — but like I said, I'm sentimental. It was either network television or Hollywood, no convention productions for me.

Then I did a disc jockey show. Glamorous, eh? But have you ever been the most popular disc jockey in Grass Lake, Michigan? I headed back East. I told my agent: "Jockey me no more discs, pal, do me a favor. Find me something for my kind of man."

"Listen, that stag film outfit, they say you can pick your co-star among some of the finest ingénues on Third Avenue."

"I said out, Max. My mother didn't raise me to work my way to fame and fortune down there."

"All right, Lucky, then there's just this one little deal on at the moment. It's not much dough, sure, but maybe it could lead to something — "

What it turned out to lead to was Gulf Ditch, Alabama, Laredo, Texas, Fresno, California, and a long, long road a-winding. Here was the deal: There was this new magazine, *Hike!*, sort of like *Holiday*, only smaller and poorer. And there was this new car some rich Portugee was putting out, sort of like the Fiat station wagon, but smaller and funnier. The magazine had gimmicks — stories about *Fun Traveling On a C Note*. The Lisbon Station Wagon had gimmicks — a double bed unfolding to fill the whole interior, a tube leading to a reserve tank of Azores wine, and a ticket that allowed you to fill this tank six times free at your nearest Portuguese wine shop. The ex-wife of the publisher of *Hike!* was now cabin girl on the yacht of Paolo San Paolo, designer of the Lisbon, and 'twixt the two of them, they had had like this swell trip across the Mediterranean. But she had one more idea in return for her second income (alimony, plus a cabin girl's regular salary in silk undies and heartfelt thanks). *Hike!* would send a typical American couple across country in the Lisbon, reporting for the magazine on the travel scene, publicizing the Lisbon, making it big in the papers for both outfits as we received the keys to various cities. Each mayor would get a free subscription to *Hike!* and a voucher good for purchase of a Lisbon upon presentation together with $2000 cash. All the sponsors needed was a typical American couple, clever, sociable, photogenic, and willing to work for a Portuguese pittance.

Would I do it?

This is not a quiz show, but when you're starving and don't have enough money to replace the buttons on your collars, the answer is fixed. Would I do it for small money? Would I travel across country with some lovely chick? Would I? Would I?

Suspense! Will Luckarooney nibble, will he bite? Question mark, question mark, question mark. Suspense, suspense, suspense. Dot dot dot. . .

Man, would I! (Answer: *¡Sí!*) "There is no American couple more typical than I," I informed Max. "And besides, no matter what they pay, it's easier than acting in stag movies."

"Not easier," he said pensively, "but it does have more class."

There seemed to be a little problem inherent in the situation. There always is, natch. The billing was supposed to be for a couple, newlyweds, who would make subscribers and car-purchasers open their mouths for that long sentimental American sigh ("Aren't they cute?"), and although I have maybe a split personality with definite schizoid leanings, neither half of me is a sweet, winsome, photogenic girl who could write dispatches to *Hike!* or at least type them (Grappo portable typewriter supplied by a Portuguese importer trying to crash the Amerlo market).

And so we auditioned models. Max looks like the kind of agent who auditions models well into the night. He is both balding and afflicted with too much hair — that sparse retreat at the forehead, that jungle rush past the temples. "Not you, honey. Well, maybe for another job, but not this one. No, sorry, honey, but just call me Max." We talked with a Miss Rheingold runner-up; we talked with a girl who smoothed her stockings on the late, late show and showed her wrinkled, crinkled forehead (BEFORE: Brainwashing) in the commercials (AFTER: Evening gown and dancing); we talked with a girl who had played Medea on Second Avenue. But the first girl couldn't write or type, the second one felt that the double bed wasn't large enough for the two of us ("What kind of pajamas you give this lunk, cast iron?" she asked Max about me), and the third felt that the payment in travel expenses plus heartfelt thanks and all the publicity we could garner was not enough for the job. It looked as if the species model and actress was out. We could not find an oddball pro, we had to find an oddball oddball. We put an advt in *The Village Voice*:

> GIRL NEEDED — writer, model, actress type, opportunity to see country, make name, brains and class essential, up-and-upsville. Send pix, Box 491.

I needn't describe the creeps we found. Nobody knows the trouble we saw and rejected, nobody but me and Max. Some girls seem to think that wearing no panties is class and having a central nervous system will do for brains. It won't do. You need more than twitchy ganglia and a cooperative heart to qualify for high adventure with me on the Open Road.

Then in pranced this girl, name of Cleanthe, pronounced Cleo. When I say she pranced in, I mean just that — the fine high step of a horse fed on Kentucky blue grass, only this was a filly fed on ego and steaks, full of Southern graces and a hard New York mind after two years of it. Skidmore College, actress, traveler, her letter said, and Max and I fought over the picture. "Probably," I remarked enviously as he put it in his pocket, "probably clipped it from some other girl."

"Probably," he had said, "probably better ask her in. Look, Lucky, suppose she's right. Suppose this is it. You get the girl, at least let me keep the picture, OK, pal?"

"Yeah," I had sullenly replied, "but suppose she doesn't look like this and you get the picture and I get nothing but my deceived hopes."

"Don't tell me about that resistant heart of yours again, boy. I may be your agent, but if you need professional therapy — "

I couldn't afford it. And I didn't need it, for Cleo looked like her picture only sweeter, creamier, prouder, more like Cleo. She pranced in, as I said, and smart? She had a curve to her calf that took me back to some dream of a girl's legs that I could almost — not quite — didn't need to remember. She existed; she was real. Lord, smarter, better looking, and with a more resistant heart than even old Lucky's. She had a long neck (pride) and smudged eyes (intellect). She had a plump little mouth for telling lies. She had charm.

We explained the deal while she put on her heavy black hipster glasses to prove that she was listening. "Uh-huh," she said. "I like the little problem. The only little problem to the little problem is — "

"What?"

"You," she said, fixing me with an eye in which ice cubes fit into ice cubes, all the way back to her planning, scheming, harassing Kentucky girlhood. "We have to hang together on this deal.

(continued on page 62)

nostalgia **By CHARLES BEAUMONT**

REQUIEM FOR RADIO

it created a world that had to be believed to be seen

THE PROBLEM, A TYPICAL ONE, WAS TO TURN A MAN INSIDE OUT. Gordon Hughes, grand master of an art lost to us now, considered and rejected the obvious solutions. It had to be *authentic*, not merely convincing. Of course, it was a good bet that most people did not know what a man being turned inside out sounded like, but the wonder and the challenge of it was that they knew what a man being turned inside out did *not* sound like. Hughes and his fellow alchemists realized this odd fact. By the tedious process of trial and error they found that in order to express the whole they would have to separate the parts, as follows: (1) Flesh: a rubbery, snapping effect; (2) Bones: a grinding, crunching effect; and (3) Blood and Guts: a squishing effect. Thus categorized, the job became a matter of routine. For the first part of the problem, Flesh, they used a length of inner *(continued on page 50)*

"But, Frankie — what about the bridal suite we reserved at the Astor?"

BEATRICE PAUL

of aging amorists and nubile nymphets

THAT MAY-DECEMBER MADNESS

article By IVOR WILLIAMS

THERE USED TO BE A TIME when an Old Boys' banquet consisted of rare roast beef, booze and cigars, with a frisky young chick busting out of a cardboard cake for dessert.

But lately that's all been changed.

What with low-protein diets, moderate smoking, and the insidious ineffectiveness of 86-proof bourbon, the Forty-Plus set is just as likely to top off the calory count with a small helping of prune whip and a large dose of after-dinner statistics on the Problems of Aging.

My advice to the senior members is to put the cuties back in the cakes and quit worrying. Judging from the way the Older Man has been making out in the popular arts, the real problems of aging are not overweight, retirement or bursitis, but how to cope with all the nubile young dolls who are ready and eager to leap into their mellow old laps and help make life's afternoon an action-packed matinee of dalliance and delight.

Not long ago, for instance, we were treated to film versions of two Broadway hits featuring a couple of venerable lover boys whose mature charms worked like catnip and cantharides on such semi-youthful types as Kim Novak and Mitzi Gaynor. In *South Pacific*, little Nellie Forbush — who admits to being as normal as blueberry pie — finds herself so smitten by the silver-thatched suavity of Emile De Becque that it's all she can do to make it from one music-cue to the next. And this despite the fact that Emile is old enough to be her father, has a café-espresso accent, and two Polynesian offspring who keep singing this one damned song in French: *Dites Moi Pourquoi*, already.

Of course, old man De Becque had a Rodgers-and-Hammerstein score and a lot of lush scenery going for him. But how can one explain the attraction that Fredric *(continued on page 46)*

a touch of lovage, a pinch of rosemary,

food By THOMAS MARIO

THE LIFE OF SPICE

"VARIETY'S THE VERY SPICE of life," wrote William Cowper, and, counterclockwise, spices can be the very life of cooking, in the infinite variety they provide. This fact, while mouth-watering, is hardly news, since men have been setting sail since Columbus' time, and before, in hopes of returning laden with precious condiments. What *is* new is that more spices, and more different spices, are being used now than ever before.

To set things straight at the outset, by "spices" we mean all the culinary catalysts the French call *aromatiques*, including the familiar dried seeds, roots and buds (celery seed, ginger, cloves), the leaves of plants we commonly call herbs (basil, bay leaf) and many concentrated products like onion juice and powdered garlic. The owners of spice emporia can vouch for the fact that men are the chief purchasers in the present-day spice rush. Male

traffic at their counters has sent sales of parsley flakes, dried chili, red pepper and garlic powder zooming five hundred percent since the war, while pizza partisans have boosted oregano consumption five thousand percent in the same decade. And there's been a corresponding boom in the sale of comparatively exotic items like coriander, fennel seed, cumin, lovage, tarragon, etc., etc. This masculine interest is understandable, since it's always been the male chef who's had the daring and imagination needed to experiment with spices.

A few assorted tips, for the would-be connoisseur, on selection, storage and preparation: whenever possible, spices should be freshly chopped or ground. The obvious superiority in taste of pepper milled at the table, whole nutmeg grated into terrapin stew, or mint leaves bruised in the julep glass all testify to the importance of this dictum. Then there's the trick of warming spices before they're used. To literally curry favor with your guests, warm the curry powder for a few minutes in an oven or double boiler before you add it to a sauce. And when you add sage to a stew, don't drop it in cold — simmer it in a little water for a minute or two before it goes into the pot.

Many spices only surrender their full flavor after long slow simmering. The *bouquet garni*, for instance, a trio or quartet of spices tied in cheesecloth and used in soups and stews, will only be effective after about an hour's cooking. Very long cooking, on the other hand, can dissipate a spice's benefits. If you're simmering a whole corned beef for four and a half hours, you'd do best to add your spices about an hour before you take the beef off the fire.

If using herbs is new to you, you should know that the dried varieties are three to four times stronger than the fresh. Sometimes the flavors and fragrances of fresh and dried herbs are poles apart. Fresh chives and dried chives, for instance, hardly seem like the same botanical specimens. In cream cheese, fresh chives are best. In a clam chowder, fresh thyme would seem like a weak sister alongside the traditional dried thyme. For the average cuisinier's cupboard, many fresh herbs just can't be obtained, but fresh chives, chervil and tarragon are usually available throughout the year from wholesale vegetable dealers catering to the better bistros.

For best results, buy spices in tightly closed glass containers, in the smallest possible quantities at a time, and store them in dry, cool places.

Here, in convenient alphabetical order, are some of the spices you'll most often use, and when and how to use them:

Allspice: Not, as it would seem to be, a combination of spices, but a dried aromatic berry. Adds a mild spicy-sweet zip to stews or meat pies. Add it to the water in which fresh salmon is boiled. Use ground in Swedish meat balls.

Anise Seed: A licorice-like spice which blends well in fruit compotes, especially apple compote. May be used with certain vegetables like glazed carrots or mashed sweet potatoes, but don't overwork it.

Basil: One of the mainstays of the Italian *cucina*, basil is indispensable for all tomato sauces, tomato soups or even stews containing tomatoes, and a bit of it does wonders for French green beans. It enhances minestrone soup. Sprinkle fresh basil over mackerel or eel before cooking.

Bay Leaf: Necessary for almost all marinades, sauerbraten, venison stew, and for the water in which tongue or corned beef are cooked. Fasten a leaf here and there on the skewer the next time you make shish kebab.

Caraway Seeds: If you have an addiction to sour rye bread, you'll enjoy caraway seeds in beef stroganoff, in sauerkraut, especially when cooked with pork, and in noodles. Very congenial with cream cheese or cottage cheese spreads.

Cardamom Seeds: Enclosed in a paper-thin pod which breaks easily with finger pressure, the little dark seeds are often served in cocktail lounges to be chewed as an antidote to liquor breath. Delightful in demitasse or hot coffee drinks.

Cayenne Pepper: Unlike black or white pepper, which are dried berries, cayenne pepper is derived from the capsicum pod, is also known as chili pepper. In its ground form it's very hot and should be used sparingly. Add it to mayonnaise, mild sauces and gravies, lobster newburgh, patty of chicken, cream of mushroom soup or any dish that may need spark.

Chervil: Cousin to the parsley in flavor, chervil serves well in thick puree soups like split pea or black bean, in butter sauces brushed over steaks or broiled fish, and in seafood spreads. Fresh chervil enlivens spring salads marvelously. Together with fresh chives and tarragon, it forms the trio of chopped herbs known as *fines herbes* used in omelets.

Chili Powder: Besides its obvious use in chili con carne and tamales, chili powder adds a fine earthy touch to avocado spreads, corn chowder, shrimp creole and other dishes of the bayou country.

Coriander: Goes well with such bourgeoise fare as stuffed cabbage, or with the most elegant lobster newburgh or lobster Americaine. An easy — and delectable — bachelor's dessert, canned rice pudding, is made even better with a sprinkling of ground coriander.

Cumin: Essential for traditional Middle East dishes, including lamb stews, stuffed grape leaves and eggplant in thousands of forms. Especially welcome with lentils or dried beans. It makes curry currier.

Dill Seed: Use ground dill seeds for grooming cabbage, cole slaw, potato salad, beet salad and for the mayonnaise dressing in seafood salads, especially of Scandinavian or German origin.

Fennel Seed: Similar to anise in its aromatic flavor, fennel finds its way into such meats as spareribs or roast pork, into vegetables like zucchini and other squashes, and into apple pie or apple compote.

Garlic: On the spice shelf this bulb of the lily family now appears as liquid garlic, garlic powder or garlic salt. All three forms eliminate the fussy job of peeling and mincing fresh garlic. Garlic powder is the easiest to manage. Though more vigorous than onion in flavor, garlic may be used in almost all recipes calling for onion. French and Italian chefs, who couldn't cook without garlic, add it only from the tip of a spoon or the finger tips. Keep it far away from bland chicken dishes and delicate seafood like crabmeat.

Ginger: Although dried ginger hardly needs any introduction to a man who's eaten pumpkin pie or plum pudding, the fresh ginger root is a delightful adjunct to countless Chinese and Polynesian dishes. It's normally available in shops catering to the Oriental or Caribbean population.

Mace: The outer husk of the nutmeg, known as mace, can be used like nutmeg as a sprinkling for egg nogs or sherry flips. Spray it lightly into oyster stew or Welsh rabbit.

Marjoram: Tame oregano, appropriately called sweet marjoram because of its delicate aroma. In poultry stuffings or fish stuffings it plays a minor but very essential role.

Oregano: Distinctive in all pizzas and pasta sauces, oregano is almost brash in flavor. It is used effectively in braised dishes like Swiss steak or potted steak. Sprinkle it lightly into prepared canned tomato sauce. In a green salad — used warily — it adds a rustic Sicilian accent to the olive-oil dressing.

Paprika: Like cayenne, paprika is processed from a species of capsicum. Unlike cayenne, it's quite mild. Used by many cooks for its color — sprinkled over chops, steaks or fish before broiling to give added brownness — it's an innocuous pigment. The best Hungarian or Spanish paprikas, however, possess their own individual flavors. Indispensable in goulash, chicken paprikash, oyster or clam stew.

Rosemary: This thin spike of an herb possesses an all-out "herby" flavor. It has an especial affinity for lamb, but

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"I can't find the snap . . ."

LIFE OF SPICE *(continued from page 38)*

shouldn't be used with beef because of its bold pungency.

Sage: Available in whole leaves or in the powder known as rubbed sage, its faintly bitter taste is especially good in the stuffing for goose or duck. If you can get it fresh, sprinkle it into a veal stew or over veal scallopine.

Saffron: The most expensive of all spices, saffron contains a deep yellow pigment that colors all food it touches. Add saffron to rice dishes like arroz con pollo or risotto, remembering that a little pinch will flavor a cup of liquid. Its concentrated though mild flavor is essential in bouillabaisse.

Tarragon: One of the most aromatic of all herbs, tarragon enjoys its widest use perhaps in tarragon vinegar. Use it sparingly in marinades, ragouts and pot roasts. Add it to dressings for seafood salads and to tartar sauce.

Thyme: Could almost be called the Friday herb because of its widespread use in clam chowder. It goes equally well in finnan haddie chowder. Very satisfying in pasta sauces and in tomato aspics.

Turmeric: A member of the ginger family, ground turmeric is effective in chow chow, pickle relishes and curries. Add a dash of it to the hot mustard made from dry English mustard.

To use spices subtly doesn't mean that one must always use them in little wisps and snatches. Consider the French steak *poivrade*, in which freshly cracked whole pepper is liberally sprinkled over thick beef steaks, then pounded in with a mallet before the steaks are broiled — a perfect example of spices used boldly but not frivolously. Along the same lines a genuine beef goulash is doused with the best Hungarian paprika so generously that the paprika sinks into every atom of meat in the pot.

On the other hand, the classical bread sauce for pheasant and other game is a delicate compound of fresh white bread crumbs and milk or cream. And when an experienced game chef makes this bread sauce, he lowers a small onion into the milk just before it's scalded. Before the onion goes into the saucepan, however, he sneaks two whole cloves into the onion. In this case, his *aromatique* is as modest as it can be. Then, when the sauce is finished, the onion with its cloves is removed. The end product is a richly comforting taste with the inobtrusive flavors merged in the most pleasant manner.

A common confusion among those to whom herbs and spices are a new and exciting territory, is the difference between *flavoring* and *seasoning*. Once this is understood — and it's a simple matter — the determination of correct amounts of condiments is more easily arrived at. When you season a dish, then, you are using condiments to enhance and bring out its natural taste and aroma. When you flavor a dish, you are imposing the taste of the flavoring agent on the taste buds, combining the basic taste of the foodstuff itself with the taste of the spice. Examples of flavored dishes are the curries and chili con carne. Every dish you eat is seasoned in some way, if only with salt and pepper.

When all is said and done, the art of knowing how much of a particular spice or blend of spices goes into any dish must be more or less self-taught. But when in doubt, proceed with caution.

For the half-dozen happy recipes that follow, however, you need have no trepidation. Proceed with confidence, and expect to garner congratulations.

HERB BUTTER

(½ cup)

¼ lb. unsalted butter
2 teaspoons finely minced fresh chives
¼ teaspoon dried chervil
¼ teaspoon ground coriander

Let butter stand at room temperature until soft enough to spread easily. Add the chives, chervil and coriander. Mix thoroughly with rubber spatula. Place in refrigerator, keep tightly covered and let stand at least two hours for the flavors to ripen. Spread generously on canapé wafers, thin sliced rye bread, or toast. Top with sliced canned ham or with small cornucopias of prosciutto ham. Then cut into small sections and serve at the martini hour.

COLD SHRIMP, MUSTARD DRESSING

(Serves two)

1 lb. cooked shrimp, peeled and deveined
2 egg yolks
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
1 teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon turmeric
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon onion salt
¼ cup diced celery
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
lettuce leaves
2 medium-size tomatoes

Beat the egg yolks well in a small bowl. (Use the egg whites in a pink lady for your date.) Gradually add the prepared mustard, dry mustard, turmeric, vinegar, sugar and onion salt. Beat until the mixture is smooth and completely free of lumps. Place the egg-yolk mixture in the top part of a double boiler over simmering water. The water in the bottom section should not touch the top section. Beat constantly with a wire whip until the mixture just begins to thicken. This may take less than a minute. Remove immediately from the fire. Turn the mixture into a bowl. Chill in the refrigerator. Mix the mustard sauce with the shrimp, celery and green pepper. Line a bowl with lettuce leaves, spoon the shrimp mixture over the lettuce, and garnish with tomato wedges.

CORNED BEEF, CABBAGE WITH DILL

(Serves four)

2 six-oz. sealed packages sliced cooked corned beef
2-lb. head cabbage
1 Spanish onion
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons heavy cream
1 teaspoon ground dill seed
salt, pepper
monosodium glutamate

Remove any bruised or spotted outer leaves from the cabbage, and cut through the core into quarters. Remove the core sections and cut the cabbage into ½-in. slices. Cook in rapidly boiling salted water until just barely tender, about five to ten minutes. Do not cook to the limp stage. Drain the cabbage. Cut the onion in half through the stem end; then cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Melt the butter in a large saucepan. Add the onion, and sauté only until the onion is light yellow, not brown. Add the cabbage, cream and ground dill seed. Simmer slowly, stirring well, until cabbage is heated through. Add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste.

Place the unopened packages of corned beef in rapidly boiling water. (Don't worry: the packaging won't melt.) Boil three to four minutes. Arrange the corned beef slices over cabbage on platter or serving plates. Freshly boiled parsley potatoes or boiled potatoes in the jacket usually flank this dish.

BEEF SAUTÉ WITH PAPRIKA

(Serves four)

2 lbs. beef, top sirloin, sliced ⅛ in. thick, about 1 in. square
1 teaspoon meat tenderizer
2 tablespoons salad oil
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon parsley flakes
¼ teaspoon dried tarragon
1 tablespoon paprika (Hungarian if possible)
10¾-oz. can beef-flavored mushroom gravy
1 cup tomato juice
1 cup water
2 teaspoons onion juice
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
salt, pepper

Put the meat in a large bowl. Very slowly sprinkle the meat tenderizer over the meat, rubbing it in well with a fork, and let stand at room temperature for one-half hour. Preheat an electric skillet at 350°. Add the oil and butter. When

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a little untoward excitement from time to time

fiction By LELAND WEBB

MOTHER'S DAY

YESTERDAY EVENING, Zoe and I were sitting in the living room, when the telephone rang. Without a thought on my mind, I picked up the receiver and said, in tenor, as follows: "This is a recorded announcement. Do you suffer from coughs, colds, tightness around the chest? Then try Hydoplexideem. It contains gustodex, pyroflavin and rich nodules of flicomycin. Now for the time. It is exactly nine-forty-seven." There was a long silence and a million miles away I heard someone hang up

And Zoe said, "I don't think that was a particularly wise thing to do, do you?" She was sewing and kept her head down. "After all, you were funny enough a year ago to last you for a while, don't you think?"

"There is a certain modicum of merit in your observation," I said. "But it wouldn't be politic to elaborate on it."

When I speak to Zoe in formal, composed sentences, she knows better than to say any more, and we sat in silence until bedtime. We have been married ten years this coming November, and it took us three years and two children before we learned that we detested one another.

Since that discovery, we have lived in a state of symbiosis. She needs someone to take care of her, and I need someone to take care of. When I get sick of it, which is usually once a year, I get quietly loaded and plot itineraries to Mexico. When she gets sick of it, which is usually once a week, she makes smart, uncalled-for remarks.

Such as the above, which refers to a joke I played, perhaps the finest joke I ever played. The only people who really liked the joke were my mother (the victim) and myself (the perpetrator). We both got a big bang out of it, and in the light of what happened — I refuse to say in spite of what happened — I am very happy I gave her this big bang for one full day.

Usually it takes a month of gestation to bring forth a good sound joke, but the one I played on my mother popped into my head, full-blown and breathing well, with no further work to do on it, save to play it. I was sitting in my office early one morning, with nothing to do, or no intentions of doing anything, and hey, presto! — there in my head was this lovely, juicy notion. I picked up the telephone and called my mother. I covered the mouthpiece with a handkerchief. Once or twice before she had recognized my voice.

"Mrs. St. Thomas?"

"Yes, this is Mrs. St. Thomas."

"Mrs. St. Thomas, this is Walter Conklin of the Blue Star Grocery and Market. How are you this fine morning? Mrs. St. Thomas, I am very pleased to advise you that you have won the first

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THE DISTORTION

Silverstein

MOTHER'S DAY *(continued from page 41)*

prize in our weekly drawing, a twenty-five-dollar grocery order, plus a case of Shredded Wheat. Now, what do you say to that, Mrs. St. Thomas?"

I heard her booming contralto and I knew her enormous bosom and big barrel belly were shaking with inner laughter.

"Why, I say it's high time I won something, after all these years," she said, "and no more than right." No one ever got away with pretending they had given my mother anything to which she was not already entitled.

"Then am I to understand that you do accept the prize, Mrs. St. Thomas?" I asked. "We prefer that you do, but if you had rather not, we will draw another number."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," my mother shouted. "You'll hang up the phone, that's what you'll do, so I can call my son Tom to come down and get the prizes."

"Then our heartiest congratulations to you, Mrs. St. Thomas," I said, and hung up. Before I could light a cigarette, she was on the wire.

"Thomas Jefferson St. Thomas," she said, "guess, just guess, oh you'll never guess, what has just happened. Never guess and just never, never believe it."

"Then I'll hang up," I said. "If I can't believe my own dear, sweet, wonderful, sainted mother, then I'd rather not hear it."

"Oh, will you shut up," she shouted. "I've won the first prize at the Blue Star."

"Old girl, we must have a poor connection," I said. "It sounds like you said you've won a blue star. Does this mean you've stopped drinking?"

"Oh, you Tom Fool, you heard me," she shouted. "A twenty-five-dollar grocery order and a case of Shredded Wheat, a whole case."

"You're not intending to accept it, naturally?" I asked.

"Accept it? Not intending to accept it? What kind of fool mood are you in, boy?"

"Well, Old Washtub," I said, "you know you've always said that in this world you get what you pay for and you pay for what you get. And besides, we never liked Shredded Wheat very much, anyway."

"I've raised up a half-wit to torment me in my old age," she said. "You just get right down there, this very day, and pick up twenty-five-dollars worth of groceries, and tell that Walter Conklin to give you some kind of cereal you like."

I didn't plan to call her back until sometime after lunch, but occasionally during the morning I dialed her number. It was busy each time, as I knew it would be. I could see her in her big rocking chair by the telephone calling everybody she knew and telling them the wonderful news of her wonderful prize.

About ten o'clock my older brother, John Paul, called. "I've just gotten a call from Sweet Mother," he said. "Is it on the level or is this just another one of your bright ideas?"

"Hang up the phone, John Paul," I said. "I'm expecting a call from my bookie any minute, and unless he's throbbing with true love for his fellow man, I've lost every cent of the St. Thomas fortune, and more besides, on a horse named Gus, who ran sixth on a muddy track yesterday. You may have to go to work, John Paul."

That struck the proper pitch of horror, and he hung up, to return to his beekeeping, his project at that time to go from sunrise to sunset on a non-profit basis. Ages ago, aeons, when I was fourteen and John Paul was twenty-two, he got the notion I needed discipline. A good hard punch on the nose changed his mind, and he has had enough sense to operate on that memory ever since. And as I am, and have been since Old Memsahib got too fat to get around, the money man in the St. Thomas family, he quells easily.

A little later on, my sister Libby called. "Little Brother," she breathed, "I've just talked to Sweet Mother, and I know you're up to some wickedness. I beg you, if you love us, if you love Sweet Mother, to stop right now, before it's too late."

I am five feet and eleven inches tall, I weigh in at 240 pounds, without an ounce of fat. For thirty-three years I have had the favor of Libby's sage counsel, grim warnings and dire prophecies. Sad bastard that I am, I have repaid her with the stony brutality of short and stubby words. And still she has never gotten the word that I am not Little Brother, and need only for her to point the true way to send me pell-mell in the opposite direction.

"Libby, shut up and listen to Little Brother," I said. "I've just spewed up my islands of Langerhans all over the goddamned floor. It looks like Little Brother has come down with hyperglycemia, Libby, and you know what that means, Libby."

"Very well, Little Brother," she said. "I might have known that nothing I might say could deter you. To flout me, and Big Brother, has ever been your long suit. But I did think you might for once consider Sweet Mother."

She hung up. Now I have, in the past, addressed my mother, *our* mother, as Old Girl, Old Horse and Old Washtub; as Memsahib, Boss Maam and Old Begum; as Mrs. Muckafuss, Myrtle Murgatroyd and Little Moonbeam: but stretched on the rack till Libby's saints go marching in, I would never call her Sweet Mother.

Around one-thirty, I called Mama again, with the handkerchief over the phone.

"Mrs. St. Thomas," I said, "this is Walter Conklin again." I had a nice, right, tight sound in my voice, the kind of noise an airline clerk makes when he tells you he has no record of your reservation

"And how are you, Mr. Conklin? Don't tell me that I've won another prize already." And she laughed, immoderately.

"Mrs. St. Thomas, I am greatly embarrassed. We seem to have made a dreadful mistake." I heard her mighty intake of breath, and I pressed on. "You know we called this morning and advised you that you had won the first prize in last week's drawing? Of a twenty-five-dollar grocery order and a case of Shredded Wheat?"

"Yes, yes," Mama said, "and none of the children like Shredded Wheat, so when Tom comes down, you just give him a case of some kind of cereal they like."

"Well, Mrs. St. Thomas, that's just it," I said. "I made a mistake this morning when I told you that you won. What I meant to say was that you *almost* won."

"Why, you dunce," my mother cried out, "what on earth are you blathering about? Almost won? No one calls anybody and tells them they almost won! Are you drunk, Conklin?"

Conklin caught ten minutes of hell so hot I began to pity him. In pauses, I bleated apologies, stoking her to fantastic degrees of Fahrenheit. And when she ran down, finally, I said, "Mrs. St. Thomas, the Blue Star is frightfully sorry for this most grievous mistake, but we do hope that we'll have the pleasure of serving you in the future as we have in the past."

"You feeble-minded scoundrel," my mother said, "you'll not whine off with weasel-gutted apologies. My son, Thomas Jefferson St. Thomas, a giant of a man, will be at your store within the hour, and I shall be with him. If the prize is not forthcoming on the instant, I shall direct him to thrash you within an inch of your life. So see to it, sir, that you see to it." And she hung up.

She called me within the minute, breathing pure sulphur. I argued that

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attire *designed by our fashion department, this feature-laden doublet sets a track record for functional good looks*

Long hampered by sports jackets seemingly created for every activity but his, the sports-car buff can now take heart, for our fashion department has designed a jacket to conform to his specific needs. Take note. The shorter length and deep-cut side flaps contained by concealed closures enable you to enter and exit with ease and to ride in comfort. When the situation calls for it, you can crouch over the steering wheel with no strain, thanks to expanding half bellows in the shoulders. Your gloves are instantly accessible in two deep-slashed inside pockets, while your smokes are a snap to reach in the raised breast pocket. As your roadster picks up speed, you can fasten the swivel tab collar closing and draw the wrist straps against the wind. And when you leave your car (carrying an extra key in the small emergency key pocket, of course), you've got a fashionable, virile and distinctly sporty coat. The basic silhouette is Ivy; the cut is three-button and natural-shoulder; the fabric is imported Scotch Ballantyne of Peebles wool in a muted plaid combination of brown, olive and gray with rich brown suede trim on buttons, breast pocket, buckle cuffs, side pocket welts and wind tab collar closure. Now being made by Stanley Blacker, about $75.

playboy's sports car jacket

MAY-DECEMBER MADNESS *(continued from page 35)*

March held for Kim Novak in *Middle of the Night*? The Bronx is a far haul from Bali Ha'i, and there are no bougainvillaea in bloom on Bruckner Boulevard. What's more, this was a plain old black-and-white talkie in which nobody sang. Even the ads stood up and shouted at you. Like that one where Kim, in a black slip and off-the-bosom peignoir, lets fly with:

". . . If I stopped to think all the time, do you think I'd be here now, going away like a little tramp for a weekend with a man three times my age!"

Another ad yelped, like a Chayefsky heroine shouting down the air-shaft: "NEVER BEFORE HAS A MOTION PICTURE TALKED THIS WAY, THIS FRANK, THIS TRUE BEFORE!" And, in the picture below, there was Novak again, telling Fredric March about her unhappy marriage to a Younger Man:

". . . Try to understand, Jerry, everybody else we knew were getting married so George and I got married. I guess we just got tired necking in the back of his car. We'd watch television, and around eleven o'clock we'd both march into the bedroom as if it were the gas chamber. . . ."

Since the picture hit town during a heat wave, and too much air conditioning gives me sniffles, I unfortunately didn't get to see it. But from the snatches of story-board in the ads, I gathered that things would be different when Kim married Fredric. For one thing, they'd probably march into the bedroom around nine-thirty, at the latest, because Fredric would need his sleep. In the stills, he looked as though he would have a hard time staying awake until Ed Sullivan was over.

In one form or another the May-December theme runs through a number of other recent movies. Allowing for idiosyncracies of plot and differences of character, we find it in *Gigi*, *Love Is My Profession*, *Ask Any Girl*, *Love in the Afternoon*, *But Not for Me*, *The Blue Angel*, and possibly even a few of the Mr. Magoo cartoons. Since a similar summer-winter quality is bound to be suggested whenever an ancient idol such as Gable, Grant, Astaire or Niven plays opposite a young girl, the list could no doubt be extended indefinitely. But some sort of cinematic milestone must have been reached when *Middle of the Night* opened in New York on the same day as *Stefanie*, a West German import featuring a sixteen-year-old heroine with a passion for male antiques.

"To be sure, the bouncy young Sabine Sinjen is mighty cute to look at," the *New York Times* critic reported from a front-line seat. "However, once she gets a suave hand-kiss from a visiting Argentine, played by Carlos Thompson, the fireworks begin. Roaring like a hungry lioness, she stalks the poor guy unmercifully."

Though this Volkswagen vamp sounds pretty hard to beat for go-power and mileage, "the idea of an adolescent whose obsession for an older man nearly unhinges her quarry and family isn't exactly new to the screen," the review reminds us. And neither, we might add, is it new to literature. For all the banning and breathless scanning that attended the publication of *Lolita*, the book was unusual mainly in that it put the shoe of obsession on the Older Man's foot, and lowered the girl's draft age.

Considering that she had scarcely outgrown the plastic-bag menace when old Humbert Humbert first kissed her salty little eyeball, *Lolita* would seem to be as much a case for Dr. Spock as Dr. Freud. But the more hopelessly analytical critics have insisted upon tracing her literary origins to such ill-mated bedfellows as Aristophanes, Krafft-Ebing, Balzac, Scott Fitzgerald, Lewis Carroll, Jim Thurber and Chuck Dickens. *Time* magazine even saw symptoms of the Lolita syndrome in Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks.

But the critics still seem to have missed the author's primary accomplishment — that he succeeded in writing a book about sex with which no sexually normal person could possibly identify. It was for this reason, perhaps, that in less than ten months' time the reading public began to ditch the Bubblegum Bovary in favor of such relatively on-beat divertisements as *Dr. Zhivago*, *Only in the Daisies*, *Please Don't Eat America* and *Lady Loverly's Chatter*.

And no wonder.

The Lady's "too female" figure, coupled with her unexpurgated familiarity with huts and horse blankets, made her far more suited to the rigors of fictional motel life than any nine-year-old could ever hope to be. Certainly no normal-as-blueberry-pie adult could be expected to take much interest in a femme fatale "standing four feet ten in one sock," with the 27-23-29 proportions of a sack of Pablum.

Most amazing is the fact that some critics managed to interpret *Lolita* as "a cutting exposé of chronic American adolescence and shabby materialism" and "a joke on our national cant about youth."

Surely these must be taken as unintentional spoofs on the American critic's chronic sense of cultural inferiority — especially during a year when the "Rose Ballet" scandals were pirouetting all over the front pages of the French press. These, you will recall, were the private little kiddie entertainments in which a corps of naked nymphets were alleged to have performed a variety of erotic *pas de deux* (*et trois, et quatre, et cetera*) for and with some rather highly placed elders in French politics.

It would be unfair to assume, however, that such fancy footwork is typical of our little French cousins, or that the City of Light is aglow with *joie de jail-bait*. To the contrary, we have it on the authority of no less a writer than Sagan that the birthplace of Bardot, Rousseau and the Marquis de Sade is as normal as crepes suzette.

"Lord knows I don't usually care for young girls," declares Uncle Luc, the kindly old roué in *A Certain Smile*, which nicely typifies Miss Sagan's novels.

Granted, the remark is made apropos a proposition that Dominique, the sullen young Sorbonne student, join him in a bit of extracurricular bedmaking. But by this time Dominique has already passed her physical, and is earnestly working toward a mistress' degree under the tutelage of Luc's gloomy young nephew, Bertrand.

To make matters even more convenient, Dominique is intrigued by *le groom de* her boyfriend's *tante* from the very first time they meet.

" 'Luc,' said Bertrand, 'I've brought a friend, Dominique. . . . Dominique, this is my Uncle Luc, the great traveler.'

"I was agreeably surprised and said to myself: 'Quite presentable, this uncle.' He had gray eyes and a tired somewhat sad expression. In his way, he was actually good-looking."

Tired expressions notwithstanding, Uncle Luc is a seasoned traveler, and quick to spot the possibility of lodgings for the night. The minute nephew Bertrand leaves the table to get a pack of cigarettes, he seizes her hand in mid-air. "In the space of a split second," Dominique realizes: " 'I like him. He's a bit old, and I like him.'

"Luc had a slow voice and large hands," she explains. "I thought to myself: 'He's just the kind that seduces little girls like me.' "

Though it takes a good hunk of the book to make this flash of feminine precognition come true, Luc's slow voice and large hands are seldom idle. Once he gets Dominique alone in the garden, he starts cutting up like a cross between Hormone Harry and the original Mr. Monkey-glands.

"I don't want just to sleep with you," he tells her later. "I want us to live together, to share a holiday."

In other words, he wants to sleep with her for at least a week. "I'd introduce you to the sea," he promises with the easy assurance of a man who went to school with old King Neptune, "to money and the freedom it brings. We'd

(continued on page 90)

"And now, girls, I want you to meet the man who's making this sculpture possible!"

Six Media IN Search OF A Dane.

A SATIRE.

by Lawrence Siegel, *Seruant to His Majefty.*

In Which ye Tragedie of Hamlet, *Prince of* Denmark, *a Storie of Reuenge, is Prefented in Modern Dreſs by Varied* American *Publications.*

TIME

PEOPLE

Brooding, sometimes psychotic **Prince** ("Melancholy Dane") **Hamlet** of Denmark (*see* FOREIGN NEWS), still mourning the mysterious, untimely death of his father (TIME, Sept. 17, 1600), suddenly turned historic, treasure-filled Elsinore Castle (*see* ART) into a rapier-thrusting, poison-quaffing blood bath (*see* SPORT). Following a spirited conversation with his late father, during which he learned that his power-hungry, opportunist uncle, **King Claudius,** had "murthered" (*sic*) his predecessor by pouring juice of cursed hebenon in his ear (*see* MEDICINE), the prince took matters into his own calloused, stubby-fingered hands. Hamlet, feigning madness, which creaky, cranky **Lord Chamberlain** ("this above all — to thine own self be true") **Polonius** attributed to unrequited love for the latter's daughter, shapely (38-23-37) nunnery-dispatched (*see* RELIGION) **Ophelia,** touched off a Dane reaction of explosives. When the smoke had cleared, here was the grim, grisly toll: Polonius dead (stabbed), Ophelia dead (drowned), **Queen Gertrude** (Hamlet's doting, sometimes incestuous mother) dead (poisoned), King Claudius dead (stabbed and poisoned), **Laertes** (Ophelia's impetuous, sometimes bon vivant brother) dead (stabbed), Hamlet dead (stabbed) (*see* MILESTONES). Commented a passing minstrel: "We have learned much (*see* EDUCATION) from this spectacle (*see* SHOW BUSINESS) of bloody 'murther' (*see* SIC)."

The Reader's Digest

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I'VE MET

By PRINCE HAMLET

I first met this most unforgettable character one evening late in the Sixteenth Century on one of the fortifications of Elsinore Castle, in Denmark. "I am thy father's spirit," he said to me in a manner so frank and honest that I found myself liking him at once.

We chatted about blood, damnation, tormenting flames, and other warm, uplifting subjects. And while I couldn't help chuckling to myself at his outlandish mode of dress and his shrill, cracked voice, I knew we two would become fast friends.

"I am doomed for a certain term to

walk the night," he remarked in that earnest way of his that made you feel so good inside. "And for the day confin'd to fast in fires, till the foul crimes done in my days of nature are burnt and purged away."

With these words he displayed one of his most valuable qualities: adaptability.

I wondered. What could this marvelous figure's formula be for a long and admirable spirit life? And immediately the answer came to me: good spectral health, a keen interest in people, an everlasting trust in God, and perhaps most important of all, his eternal subscription to the Purgatory Edition of *Reader's Digest*.

Promising to clear up a matter for him that involved my uncle, poison, blood, incest, death, and other sticky family problems hardly suited for these pages, I took leave of this truly amazing character and went off to sharpen my sword.

Of this I am certain, I shall never forget him. Even if I live to be twenty-two.

True Story

I WISH I WASN'T SUCH A NICE GIRL

by Ophelia

Ham's kisses had burned like fire. "Stop—stop before it's too late," my nagging conscience had warned me. "You both may be under the same roof but you're in different worlds."

But I didn't want to stop and maybe, I had thought, maybe I wouldn't. In sleepless agony I wept silent, desperate tears. And then, after that fateful talk with my father, my mind was made up. This could never be.

I met Ham in one of the rooms in the castle. Oh Lordie, how my heart pounded! Ham . . . dear dear Ham—I wanted to say—how strange you look with that mad gleam in your eye, your doublet unbraced and your stockings ungartered. How I long to be in your arms feeling your kisses—kisses that feed me when I'm hungry, comfort me when I'm cold. For a fleeting instant my lips came to warm, quivering life. But no . . . I must not . . . I dare not . . . I could not recapture the past.

Sadly I returned the little gifts he had given me, and then . . . then he said that he had never loved me! Dear dear God, whom could I turn to? Where could I go? What could I get me to?

"Get thee to a nunnery," Ham said icily.

Somewhere along the way I had forgotten to be the most important thing of all—a woman to my man!

NEXT MONTH: "The Brook and I"

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Danish Report

Our man Stanley, recently returned from Denmark, stopped by the office on Tuesday with the following dispatch:

"Have attended fencing match in Elsinore Castle. Affair held in main hall. Much pomp. With other roisterers sipped cocktails and munched on mutton *pâté*. Buttonholed King Claudius. Tall, black-haired, big-faced, ample-waisted man in fifties. Offered me goblet of 1563 Château Haut Henri. Accepted and quaffed. Asked him if I could sample chalice of odd-colored liquid near him. He became flustered. Said he was saving for someone else. I insisted. I mentioned popular American custom of guest selecting own drinks. Said we call it, 'Name your poison.' Smiled. He didn't. So instead quaffed goblet of 1584 Château Haut Raoul and devoured five terribly *réussis soufflés*. Fencing match began. Hamlet tall, blond-haired, small-faced, slim-waisted man in early twenties. Laertes tall, brown-haired, vital-looking, average-waisted man in middle twenties. Would have liked to see match but spied tray of *crêpes farcis* in corner. Also courtier with flagon of 1542 Château Haut Pierre. Nibbled and quaffed. Buttonholed Queen Gertrude. Tall, dark-haired, medium-faced, corset-waisted woman in late forties. Asked her who Claudius was saving special chalice for. Wanted some. Dry, you know. Hadn't had drop since 1542 Château Haut Pierre seven lines back. She didn't know but decided to sample. Wasn't for her. She collapsed. Died. Hamlet stabbed. Also Laertes. King stabbed and poisoned. All dead. Buttonholed Horatio. Tall, black haired, you know, usual hyphened adjectives. Munched *poulet sauté* with him and quaffed 1578 Château Haut Georges. Departed immediately. Didn't want to miss cocktail party at King Lear's palace."

The Saturday Evening

POST

The Perfect Squelch

Ever since big, blustering Claudius had moved into the neighborhood, things weren't the same at the castle. Particularly disturbed by the newcomer was his young nephew, Hamlet.

Claudius continually annoyed the young man with his bossy manner and his possessiveness. Much against Hamlet's wishes, he also tried to send his nephew off to faraway places.

Being a patient person, Hamlet suffered Claudius' boorishness without audible complaint until one afternoon when his patience ran its course.

A group of people from the neighborhood were gathered about in the castle watching Hamlet and his friend Laertes fence. Unexpectedly Hamlet walked over and touched Claudius with the tip of his sword. The latter looked about in that smug way of his and then said sneeringly, "O yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt."

Whereupon to the delight of everyone present, Hamlet, his eyes twinkling, forced a poisoned chalice to his uncle's lips, saying, "Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane, drink off this potion."

It was the most perfect squelch this publication has come across in the last hundred and fifty years.

PLAYBOY

Castle Playmate

Once upon a recent impulse, we found ourself visiting Elsinore Castle, in Denmark. After glomming that certain *nous ne savons quoi* that you always find in castles, our eyes fell upon the beautiful young lady featured on these pages. Her name, she told us, was and is Ophelia. Eschewing any obvious puns on her name, we questioned her further and learned that she embroiders, reads voraciously, chants snatches of old tunes, and likes to take long walks near weeping brooks. While she shows a preference for moody, complex princes, she assured us that she is still very much playing the field. Reluctant to pose for any of Copenhagen's hundreds of portrait painters, she has made an exception for PLAYBOY, for which we're grateful. While taking our leave of the royal pad, we noticed an unhip prince wearing a non-Ivy doublet, going through various stages of agony; a crotchety Lord Chamberlain who had been stabbed through an arras; two somber-miened monarchs whom we didn't dig at all; and an apparition whose raucous cries for revenge grated on our sensitive, stereo-attuned ears. Elsewhere in this issue you'll find ten pages devoted to a Danish house party attended by Ophelia and four other lively young ladies.

REQUIEM FOR RADIO *(continued from page 33)*

tube. A technician grasped the bottom of this device with his left hand, inserted his right arm into the tube, grasped the top section firmly, and yanked. Effect: a rubbery, snapping sound. For Blood and Guts, a tub of warm cooked spaghetti and two bathroom plungers sufficed. Problem Number Two, Bones, was somewhat more difficult. Various types of woods were tried, but with signal lack of success. Soda crackers crunched well enough, yet there was a certain feeling of depth still missing. One of the earnest artisans sardonically offered to sacrifice his left leg, but the gesture was refused on the grounds that the effect, though genuine, might, as was so often the case with "actual" noises, sound spurious; besides, it allowed no chance for rehearsal. Finally someone put a Lifesaver between his teeth, motioned for silence, stood close to the mike, and proceeded to grind the candy slowly into powder.

Combined, these three effects succeeded in turning the stomachs of all the *Lights Out* fans across the nation.

More stomachs are being turned today, but for different reasons. The Sound Effects man is gone. He who plunged knives into defenseless heads of cabbage; who wore a throat mike and chewed celery, thereby conjuring up a rogue elephant crashing through the jungle, splintering the bamboo saplings and tearing up the ground . . . along with the minstrel, the rainmaker, the marathon dancer, the giant roc, this man is a legendary figure from another time. Yet the time was hardly a generation ago, and many matured men of today, who did not gather to mourn his passing, wrote between the thin blue lines of their three-hole notebook paper: "What I Want To Be When I Grow Up—A Sound Effects Man."

Hardly a generation ago. Fins were on sharks then. A jet was what a woman's hair was as black as, in *Spicy Detective*. Rockets, missiles and atoms were strange and exotic words which cropped up occasionally in the *Buck Rogers* comic strip and in those new science-fiction magazines.

As for television, it was only a fanciful gimmick, exhibited at world's fairs along with the Westinghouse robot. And of the two, the robot seemed far the more practical.

It was not, I suppose, a better time then, in the Thirties and Forties, except as the time of one's awakening is better; but it was different. We were simpler. We were less sophisticated. There was war, but it was still an understandable sort of business, with villains and heroes and glorious deaths, and we were thrilled by it. We believed in individual triumph and individual failure. A person was either good or bad. The good, we felt, should be rewarded, and the bad punished. A few psychologists and philosophers and writers were beginning to hint that mankind was a mixture, that virtue and evil were only labels we pasted on complex emotional conditions, but we didn't believe the fancy words. Things had to be clear-cut for us. It is true that we weren't too smart. But, some of us having bungled our way to adulthood, we can say that there are certain rewards in being not too smart. Naiveté gave us things the kids don't have now. It gave us the magicians, those tall, dark men in black cloaks who smelled of sulphur and could whisk a rabbit into thin air or saw a woman completely in two, without ill effect; it gave us the carnivals and the smell of sawdust and the sound of strange men promising miracles for a quarter and the fearful gloom of tents filled with alligator women and men who could write their names with their toes; it gave us the earth-shaking, sleep-destroying, brain-exploding circuses, those vast enchanted worlds, forever gone, of elephants and clowns and aerialists and lion tamers and bareback riders and magic people in suits of jewels that sparkled long after the circus had moved on to delight the children of another town; it gave us men whose job it was to make the sound of a man being turned inside out.

It gave us radio.

They say that radio is alive and healthy, but they're wrong. Radio, as we knew it and loved it with all our young hearts and minds, is dead, and it could no more come back than could the magicians or the carnivals or the circuses. It is entombed with these remnants of a vanished era, not far from where the troubadours and minnesingers lie.

It is our business now to lay a friend to rest.

• • •

Imagine yourself thirteen summers young in a world that stretched as far as the eye could see, but no farther; a world of boring visits to ancient aunts and Sunday drives and triple features, plus serial and two cartoons, of baseball in the streets and zoos and jawbreakers and Indian gum and penmanship and firecrackers and Tarzan and the Scarecrow. It's morning. Off to the gray prison, school, and the heavy books, the ceramic women with their fiery eyes, and the clock-hands that never moved. One o'clock. A century later, two o'clock. Two centuries later, three o'clock. Saved by the bell! Out of your seat then, out the doors, down the steps, running, you and your friends, though never so fast you forget to step on every third crack in the pavement, and, finally, home.

Maybe it was kick-the-can for you. Or over to Phillip's, or Jimmy's, or Fred's, for a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich. Or tag football. Whatever it was, the chances are you didn't stay at it very long. Around five, when the soft dark had begun to gather, somebody would say: "Whose house?" Somebody would answer "Mine!" and off you'd fly.

If your name was Charles Beaumont (mine was, you see) and your house was "it," you'd be the first to the radio. You were proud of that radio because it was almost as tall as you were and twice as heavy and its dark polished wood reflected the light. While your friends squatted on the carpet, you turned the middle dial and waited for the hum and changed stations with the speed and accuracy of an engineer.

A hush.

Then, the call to adventure, the words that sent chills down your back every time you heard them: "*Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy!*"

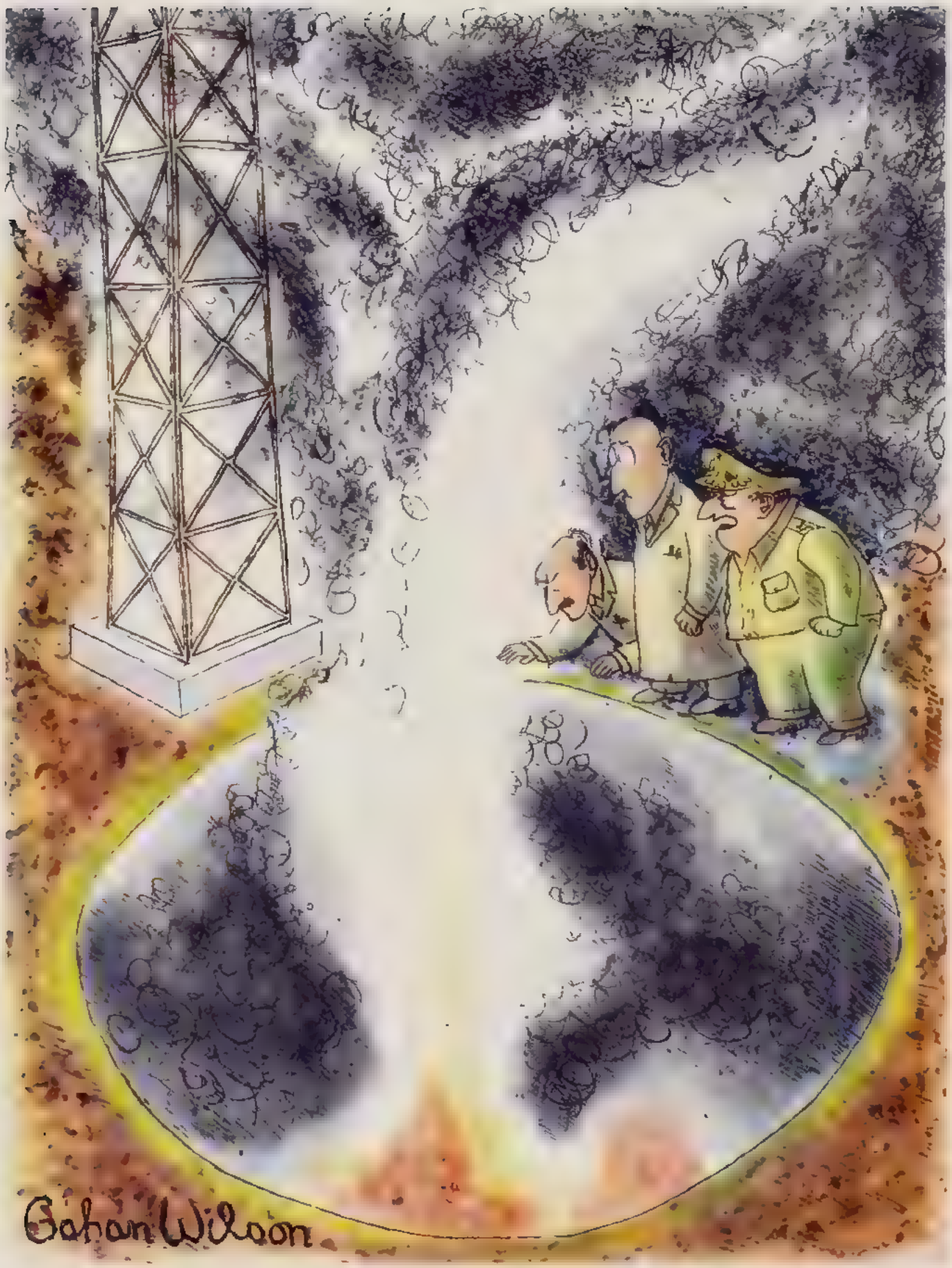
You set the volume just right, you scooted along the carpet until your head was directly underneath the radio, you closed your eyes, and you listened . . .

After the most popular song in America ("Have you *tried* Wheaties? The best breakfast food in the land. Won't you *try* Wheaties? They're whole wheat with all of the bran!"), the rich, confidential voice of the announcer—omniscient, as all announcers were—bringing us up to date, as though any of us needed it: "Jack and Billy are rowing their hearts out—getting the last of the supplies aboard the two-masted schooner Spindrift. The Spindrift rides her mooring like a gray ghost while the San Francisco fog hides her from the view of hostile eyes on shore. The schooner is all ready to start on her perilous journey to the Sula Sea to recover a precious cargo of [this was back in the Thirties, remember!] uranium, sunk off an uncharted reef. Jack and Billy, as they bend to the oars, know that other persons are trying desperately to get possession of a mysterious ring which Uncle Jim has just received—a ring which may contain the secret of the uranium. Betty, alone on the schooner in the fog, is having the fright of her life—but Jack doesn't know it—yet! *Listen!*"

Listen we did. After drifting for twelve minutes in a fogbound sea, we leapt up, sent away two boxtops and ten cents in coin or stamps for an exact replica of Uncle Jim's mysterious ring, and scooted back barely in time to switch from schooner to sampan. Terry was engaged in a week-long duel with the Pirates, and things were not going well.

He was having a picnic, though, compared to Captaaiiinnnn Midnight, whose single-engined plane just ran out of gas over the Himalayas.

(continued on page 52)



"Damn it—I didn't even know a rocket could go into reverse."

REQUIEM FOR RADIO *(continued from page 50)*

Still of them all, it may have been that the Lone Ranger was in the worst shape. In a gallant effort to rescue his faithful friend Tonto, the Masked Man found himself, along with a dozen kegs of dynamite, locked in a burning cabin.

The world of radio was real to us. There are squirts and small fry today who will soon be as old as the Us of Then, and I know some who haven't turned a radio on in their entire lives. I try to tell them what it was like, but they don't understand. They can't believe I'm talking about the little plastic box in the kitchen that plays rock-'n'-roll songs and gives us the news, and I'm not sure I believe it, either. Television is the substitute for what we had, and I deem it a bad one. It inspires neither loyalty nor awe. It does not thrill, transport, terrify or enchant. It only entertains. The kids, as a rule, can take it or leave it alone.

Of course, ninety-nine percent of the shows on TV are trash; but I don't think this is the reason for our generally dispassionate reaction. Research into the subject shows that most of the quality we now associate with radio did not exist. We think the material was top drawer, but we are only trying to justify our profound nostalgia: the truth is that radio offered very little in the way of quality. Whereas television has developed such fine writers as Paddy Chayefsky, Rod Serling, Reginald Rose, Tad Mosel, James Costigan, Horton Foote, and at least a dozen others, an imposing roster of actors and directors, and such excellent dramatic programs as *Hallmark Hall of Fame*, *Playhouse 90*, *Studio One* and *Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse*, radio in all its years could boast but two consistently first-rate writers — Norman Corwin and Arch Oboler — and a handful of really adult shows.

The reason probably lies in the essential difference between the two media. Television makes no demands, except upon our patience. It presents its stories ready to wear. All the work is done. There is nothing we can contribute. For this reason, television is an impersonal form of entertainment. Radio was something else again. What was originally thought to be its greatest limitation, lack of visual interest, turned out to be its greatest strength. It made a direct appeal to what producer-writer Blake Edwards calls "the great ally, imagination." Through the use of sound effects, music, a very special form of writing, and acting which bore scant relationship to other modes of acting, radio created a world which had to be believed to be seen. Participation was not merely desirable; it was essential. Radio provided a sketch, but it was up to the listener to make the finished picture. The greater reality was his to create. Thus programs were real or unreal depending entirely upon the imagination quotient of the participant. Radio can be said therefore to have been a personal medium.

It was closer to narrative than to drama. As with narrative it had no location or set problems, and casting was always perfect. If a script called for "a city of golden towers, stretching to infinity," the city was built. Not by stagehands, nor by studio carpenters, but by a few words and a little music. A woman described as "the loveliest creature in the world" was exactly that. When Sam Small flew, he really and truly *flew*, without the aid of piano wire or trick photography. When the *Lone Ranger* announcer, in his standard opening, spoke of "A fiery horse with the speed of light," we saw — metaphorical miracle! — exactly that. Nothing was impossible in the world of radio. It was a wild, illogical world, but it made perfect sense to us kids. We were never bothered by the fact that time did not exist as it did in the "actual" world. A minute could last a week, a month could go by in a matter of seconds, yet we were not concerned. Even when they turned time backwards, to let us know what Kato was doing when The Green Hornet walked into that trap, we accepted, presumably on the theory that if it was happening, it was happening. We radio listeners were able to accommodate two separate and distinct truths. We believed that Doc, in *I Love a Mystery*, was an actor and we believed that he was Doc. So it was that when an unknown actor replaced Barton Yarborough in the central role, we wrote heated letters to the network, advising whom it might concern that the wool hadn't been pulled over our eyes, or ears, and to Jack and Reggie warning them that an imposter had taken Doc's place and that they'd better watch out.

We were an extraordinary audience. Perpetually accused by our parents of "not concentrating," I think we must have been the greatest concentrators of all time. In a single evening we would travel up the Yangtze, fight ravenous wolves in the frozen wastes of the Yukon, ascend into the stratosphere in a leaking balloon, skim the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, shoot it out with desperadoes in a Chicago alley, cut down a dozen pirates, get trapped by an avalanche, and sink into a coma as the result of having been pierced by a dart tipped with deadly curare; yet we kept our heads. Some of us even managed to do our homework at the same time! I can think of no period during those years when we did not have at least twenty different stories and a hundred or so characters to carry around in our brains, and I can think of no one who ever lost track. We might forget the principal products of Bolivia, or the date of the Magna Charta, but when it came to our radio heroes, the latest IBM machine should have such a memory.

Although we realized vaguely that somebody wrote the shows we loved and somebody produced and directed them and a lot of actors and actresses acted in them, we were an incurious lot. It may be that we were aware of the delicate balance of our beliefs, and how easily that balance could be upset. Each of us had his own conception of, say, Lamont Cranston, otherwise known as The Shadow. For me, he was about six feet two, ruggedly handsome, dark-haired, and impeccable in matters of dress. For you, he may have been on the short side, somewhat chubby, blond and casual. It doesn't matter: we were both right. So long as we never saw a picture of him, that is. Unfortunately, the networks did not fully understand this. From time to time they would release photographs of the actors, and we were invariably disappointed. I could be wrong, but it seems that the heroes of our dreams always turned out to be suspicious little men with pencil mustaches and bad teeth. Eventually the networks realized that they were like the magicians who enchant you and then insist upon showing you how it wasn't enchantment at all but simply sleight of hand, and the men behind the scenes returned to their anonymity.

But it has been years now since the last magician passed through town. The shows we loved were considered trivial. No one bothered to record them, practically all of the scripts were destroyed, and so they are gone — which is to say, they can never be taken from us now. "If you want your castle to last, build it of sand," says Walter Kerr, and he's right. The enchanted hours are locked away in our minds. No one can get to them now except us. So it will not hurt, I think, in this requiem, to call a roll and look at the men and women who created and sustained for so many years our dear dead friend.

• • •

The first radio program was a disc jockey show: records and gab. Emanating from Brant Rock, Massachusetts, on the eve of Christmas, in the year 1906, it was heard by wireless operators on all ships within a three-hundred-mile radius. Over twenty years passed before the dramas began, but when they came in, they came in strong. The writing was of a necessarily specialized nature, and because of this, few established authors were able to make the transition. They had too much to unlearn. For this reason, those who succeeded got their start as

(continued on page 84)

GINGER PEACHY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ

hot fudge and footlights fascinate miss may

MISS MAY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Above and right: a seasoned veteran of video's rigors, Ginger poses prettily during rehearsal and does a quick brushing up on her lines before her performance on the *Steve Allen Show*. Below, left and right: as madcap Louis Nye emotionally enacts Hamlet, Ginger mugs merrily over his shoulder; later, she listens as Steve calls a last-minute suggestion to the director.

GINGER YOUNG IS A RED-HAIRED, green-eyed, grandly structured (36-23-36) girl, whose shapely legs are carrying her up the ladder of success as an actress. She has appeared on the *Jerry Lewis Show*, the *Steve Allen Show*, a *Ford Spectacular* and *Murder, Inc.*, among other TV entertainments, and was seen (via special film clip) in the posh stage musical *Pink Jungle*, which did not reach Broadway because the star (another Ginger named Rogers) took exception to Agnes Moorehead's out of town rave notices. Our Ginger is also becoming known for an unappeasable appetite: the poor girl is addicted to mountainous hot fudge sundaes, and woe awaits the soda jerk who dares to serve her a portion she considers too small. We fear we now may have a small addiction of our own; having met young Ginger, what worries us is that, find countless lovelies in the future though we will, now and then we may miss Miss May.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Many a starlet has made it to the top because her clothes didn't.

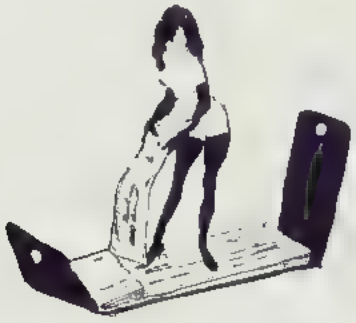
A word to the weight-conscious: If you want to get a youthful figure, ask a woman her age.

Beverly stretched out on the psychiatrist's couch, looking forlorn but comely. With genuine emotion she cried, "I just can't help myself, doctor. No matter how hard I try to resist, I bring five or six men with me into my bedroom every night. Last night there were ten. I just feel so miserable, I don't know what to do."

In understanding tones, the doctor rumbled, "Yes, I know, I know, my dear."

"Oh!" the surprised girl exclaimed. "Were you there last night too?"

We know a man who thinks marriage is a 50-50 proposition, which convinces us that he either doesn't understand women or percentages.



You never know how a girl will turn out until her folks turn in.

The nightclub's hat-check girl was obviously new, and Jack watched in mild amusement as, fumbling frantically to find his coat, she knocked garments off the racks and entangled herself in the hangers. His amusement had changed to fury, however, when a quarter of an hour later the room was a jumble of outerwear and the silly girl had still not found his coat.

"Forget it!" he finally cried in rage. "I'll send somebody for it tomorrow!" And, seething, he strode out into the bitter cold of a snowstorm, clutching the lapels of his suit jacket. The girl ran after him.

"Hey, you cheapskate," she called, "what about my tip?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *salesmanship* as the difference between rape and rapture.

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

Everybody thought the Miss Albuquerque beauty contest was going to be a hotly contested affair, but Susan walked away with first place with nary a dissenting vote. Turned out she was the only one of the contestants who could get all those letters across her chest.

This year's college graduates deserve your sympathy. Almost anywhere they may look for work, they run a terrible risk of finding it.

Florence and Emily, two pretty young housewives, had arranged to have cocktails and lunch together, but as soon as they met, Emily could see that something serious was bothering her friend.

"Out with it, Florence," she commanded. "What's depressing you so?"

"I'm ashamed to admit it," Florence wailed, "but I caught my husband making love."

"Why let that bother you?" laughed Emily. "I got mine the same way."

It's no fun to kiss a girl over the phone unless you happen to be in the same booth with her.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Sometimes I ask myself, what am I doing here when I could be drinking bourbon for the same price as this coffee."

CLIMAX

ALON E

F N

KIS

pregnant

λOGA

cockeyed

WORD PLAY

IN THE BEGINNING was the Word, and words have been swinging around the clock ever since. There is the Word To The Wise, there is the Good Word (as in What's The?), there are the ominous words of We Had Words, there is The Last Word, for which the fair sex is notorious, and now there is Word Play, a jolly way of making words self-descriptive that is certain to tug your lips into a smile — take our Word for it.

fun and games with the king's english

humor **By ROBERT CAROLA**

NONCONFORMIST

LOWCUT

QUICKSAND

EXXTRA

ASTIGMATISM

INCOMPLET

MAKEOUTSVILLE *(continued from page 32)*

Landsakes, pops, I see us fighting all the way across the desert, and as the result of the fight, Lucky," she remarked, "I see your bones a-whitening on the sands."

"A nice pictorial eye," said Max approvingly. "Maybe you'd like to act in a little movie we're whomping up out on Long Island. We'll shoot in one weekend, and probably none of your friends will find out about it."

"I dig," she said, "and the answer is: nyet. And furthermore: Bug off."

"You'd paint a lovely picture," Max said, with poignant regret. "You have class."

"The Georgia O'Keeffe of Sheridan Square. But listen," she said, and she turned her back on me, "listen, Mr Max, is he strong and sincere? You can get into all sorts of jams on a trip. Can he pick the shrimp out of the egg roll? Can he fix a tire, talk to a state patrolman, cash a check?"

"If not," said Max, "he can take a quick course at the New School."

"No smart talk," said Cleo. "Is he strong and sincere?"

"Strong and sincere?" I shouted, outraged. "Sincere and —— "

"OK," she interrupted. "I see you're sincere. I'll have to take the rest on trust. I can change the tire myself if I have to, and we'll stay out of Cantonese restaurants. All I like is the shrimp in the egg roll."

What this girl needed, I was deciding then and there, was a strong and sincere hand on the inside of her skirt, tugging at her fasteners. I would be no shrimp in an egg roll. I would be strong, sincere, and irresistible.

As if reading my mind, she whirled on me. "And you all, buster, no rough stuff. I can say no politely and I can say no with my knees."

I blushed modestly. "Wouldn't think of it, Cleo ma'm. I'm all business, me. And ma'm, I sho do hate a knee to the groin."

Max beamed. His pink face turned happy and red under the Westinghouse tan, the high blood pressure, and the blue of his six-hour-old shave. "You two young folks," he sighed. "Isn't it grand?"

Both *Hike!* and the Lisbon Car and their attendant ad agencies approved us. We were off to see the world, to show the world the Lisbon Station Wagon (double bed), and to fill the pages of *Hike!* We were described as "newlywed," of course. Well, the degree of inaccuracy in that description was something to define between us. Like the quiz show winners, we had received the answers. Now all we needed was the question.

• • •

The question commenced. We left New York on a Ruesday; I remember, because I rued that day. Cleo on the seat beside me was like a delectable baby tiger, squirming, flirting, laughing, made of candy and teeth. She had tigerish slanted eyes, no stripes, a curled-up little tail, and soft paws. She slithered, she slept against the armrest of the Lisbon Station Wagon, she jumped up and nearly scared me off the Pennsylvania Turnpike by giggling suddenly with a story she remembered. "Funny thing happened to me my second year in college. . . . " She had gone to a good school, but left without her degree. And there was this funny thing in college. The funny thing that had happened to her was getting pregnant. She had told the dean, gotten expelled, lost the baby, and cursed herself for unnecessary honesty. Boy, was that funny. Hahaha, her laughter went trilling past the Howard Johnson's where I had intended to stop for a Comfort Stop. Thirty-six miles to the next john with free soap for truckers and free relief for fidgety kidneys. That was the funny thing that happened to me on the Pennsylvania Turnpike while Cleo reminisced about Happy Collitch Days.

In Harrisburg, Pa., we were presented with a tin key to the city, were interviewed by a reporter, and sent our first correspondence back to *Hike.* (From now on I omit the exclamation mark after the name of the magazine.) Also Cleo and I had our first serious wrestling match on the Lisbon Special Fold-out Double Bed. She did the driving for the next few days, since I suffered a dislocated ego, a fractured libido, and a sprained intention.

She won the wrestling match

"And another thing," she said, "I think you ought to wear pajamas when we go to bed."

"But I always sleep in my birthday suit."

"I'm only trying to make it easier for you," she said. "Wear something. A suit of armor, maybe." She smiled winsomely. "I'm only thinking of your good, honey. That eye better?"

"How long will it stay black?" I asked.

"At home," Cleo explained, "I always lay in a supply of good whiskey, eggs, toast, espresso coffee for my espresso machine, and some fine old-fashioned leeches. For when I blacken the eyes of a fresh young man who tries to take advantage. Steak is the fad, but leeches really solve it." Her face lit up with medicinal fervor. "The leeches suck out the bruised blood and leave a chap's eye as good as new." Her mouth opened with that lightly trilling laughter. "But they look so uglified with those wormy critters hanging from the swollen pouch. Whew. Takes away all the yen."

She explained to me all about how the leech gorges itself, then drops off, and lives practically forever in its jar, waiting for the next meal. I tried to think of other kinder animals than Cleo: Vampira, Dracula, Lucrezia Borgia.

"But you're sweet," she said, cuddling, "and I'm sorry there's nothing I can do I was born chaste."

"So is everybody," I remarked. "The alteration comes later."

"Bitter, bitter."

And so it went across the country. Mayors made eyes at Cleo, also made passes. I made eyes at automobile mechanics who claimed never to have had dealings with Portuguese automobiles. It was probably the first time in their lives they ever spoke the truth. We made the turnpike scene, the country road bit, the urban traffic jam game. We *bon jour*'d it up with newspaper men and publicity representatives. Cleo left a trail of broken hearts and blacked eyes from coast to coast. I took to visiting parts of town without her, like Short Vincent in Cleveland and North Beach in San Francisco. A man needs a spot of relaxation now and then, friendly discussion and communion with the universe. In other words, I had to pay for it. Meanwhile, back at the ranch wagon, she poked in a notebook, writing poetry. (She had made the hip scene long ago when it was still fresh. She had retired from the Beat Generation. But she still wore lots of eye shadow, very little white lipstick, and liked to walk in the rain.)

Can you imagine the strain on my arteries when I shuffled into the mortal coils of our bed at night? Can you imagine pulling down the shades on our Lisbon Station Wagon and dressing back to back, bumping occasionally, and saying only, "Whoops, sorry." — "That's all right, Lucky." Can you? Can you see the fury in my friendly eyes? The burning sensation on my backside where we had accidentally touched? The crazy cuddling which she performed, pal-like, before dropping off into rapid, healthy, delighted sleep?

I RESIGN SEND REPLACEMENT, went my wire to the home office in New York They had heard of my predicament.

HASTE NEVER WON FAIR LADY, YOU JERK, said the return wire. RESIGNATION NOT ACCEPTED. MAX.

"Hm," said Cleo, who opened the wire. "You getting impatient, mister? Why we hardly know each other."

But it seemed as if this gave her a little start. She was quite sweet to me for a few days, doing little things, sewing on a button, trimming my sideburns. Just not doing the big thing. Like writing a Haiku in my honor:

(continued on page 103)

article **BY C. B. GRENIER**

THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

at this gala riviera revel, both movies and maidens are better than ever

Right: Kim Novak and Cary Grant arrive at Cannes Festival. Their open affection prompted romantic speculation. Next right: everywhere you see international examples of beauty, like Swedish starlet Margortea Eckstedt. Below: French beauties Mylene Demongeot and Pascale Petit seem unkempt beside Rhondo Fleming's careful glamor. Below right: in the middle of the day, bikinied cuties display their middles in front of a marquee for *Middle of the Night*.

IN FRANCE, BY THE BRIGHT BLUE MEDITERRANEAN, lies the little town of Cannes. Generally it slumbers under the warm sun and garners its income from fish and tourists. Then, for two wild weeks in early May, it becomes the cinema capital of the world, and drawn to its mile-long strip of land called the Croisette are the top brass of international moviedom and just about every stunning, fun-loving girl on the Continent. At that time, if you can make it, it's definitely the place to be.

The annual excuse for all the excitement, of course, is the Cannes International Film Festival, currently celebrating its thirteenth anniversary. While it lasts, in a way that's typically Gallic and perhaps possible only on the Riviera, you are offered the best of artistic integrity and all-out *joie de vivre*. In selecting the best films of the year, there is a serious concentration and conscientiousness that allows for no frivolity; compared with Cannes' high standards of selection, our own Academy Awards take on the look of little more than a mutual admiration society. But, in extreme contrast to these sober duties, the Festival is also one

Above and below: on the beach at Cannes, the extreme bikini is the rule rather than the exception. Riviera sun-worshipers include starlets and hopefuls from all over the world who think little of pulling off their suit tops for a well-rounded tan. The beach, facing the marvelously blue Mediterranean, stretches parallel to Cannes' main thoroughfare, on which stand the major hotels like the Carlton, and the Festival Palace, at which the film showings are held.

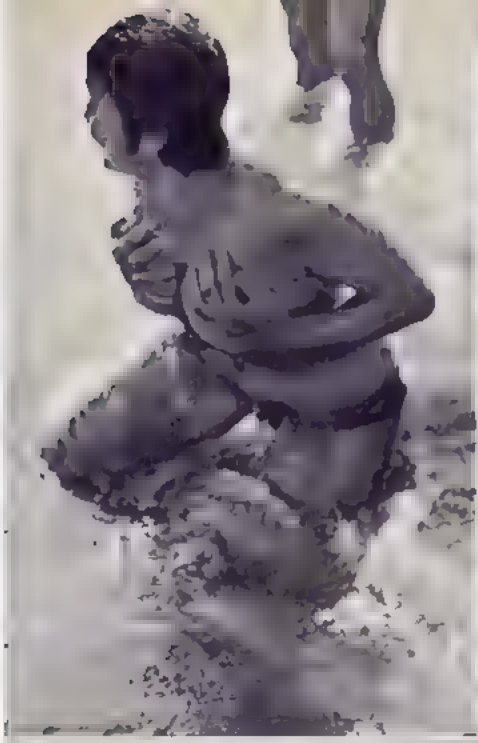
Below: in sharp contrast to the informality of the daylight hours on the beach, a black tie affair is held at the Cannes gambling Casino. Pictured is a dinner held expressly for the stars, the producers, directors, etc., as a special in-group celebration after all the awards had been given out.

Left: French star Agnès Laurent, one of many Brigitte look-alikes, sips orange juice before sunning. Below: enjoying a quiet luncheon are Charles Boyer and companion, Yul Brynner and Michele Morgan. Above and right: this young lady was one of the participants in the Miss Festival beauty contest. Photographers cooxed her into removing the top of her suit on the public beach directly in front of the Festival Palace. At first she protected herself with a towel, but the amused crowd pulled it from her. At that point, she decided to cover herself by running into the water, but fell in the shallows. She, and everyone else, decided it was all splashing good fun.

long, bright and happy holiday.

We have never in our life seen more beautiful, delightful young women than assemble in Cannes at Festival time. They are dressed in bikinis and sunshine by day, and in evening gowns each night, when, at the Festival Palace, one of the specially selected films is shown. Most of the film stars of Europe and many from the U.S. are there, along with the producers and directors, and all of the ambitious starlets and would-be starlets from all over Europe who've come to woo and wow anyone and everyone who may be even vaguely connected with filmdom.

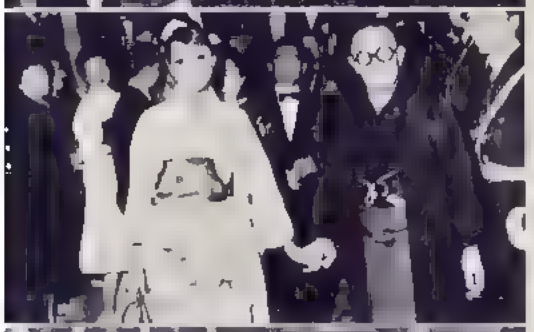
Naturally, this creates a pretty heady atmosphere. The girls wander about the hotel lobbies in brightly colored skirts and Bermuda shorts, and on the beach in the briefest possible bikinis. The photographers are everywhere, shooting everything, and they act as a catalyst for the young ladies, who will go to almost any extreme to outpose one another. When starlet Simone Silva, for instance, spiritedly whipped off the top of her bathing suit a few seasons back and gave American actor Robert Mitchum a big hug for the cameras, her



Above: the Riviera bikini is far briefer and more attractive than the common U.S. variety. Below: another of the beauty contest entrants struts gaily to attract the photographers.

Above: judges sip champagne as they eye the beauties parading by in the Miss Festival contest. Below left: our strutting friend from the preceding page makes sure the judges have her number, while behind her is the girl who previously pulled off the top of her swim suit for our camera. Below right: happy winner of the contest is yellow-bikinied Cecelia Cooper from the United States.

Above: Millie Perkins, who played the title role in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, arrives to see the film in the company of director George Stevens and his son. Below: on behalf of the leads in *Compulsion*, the U.S. delegate accepts the award for the best male actor.

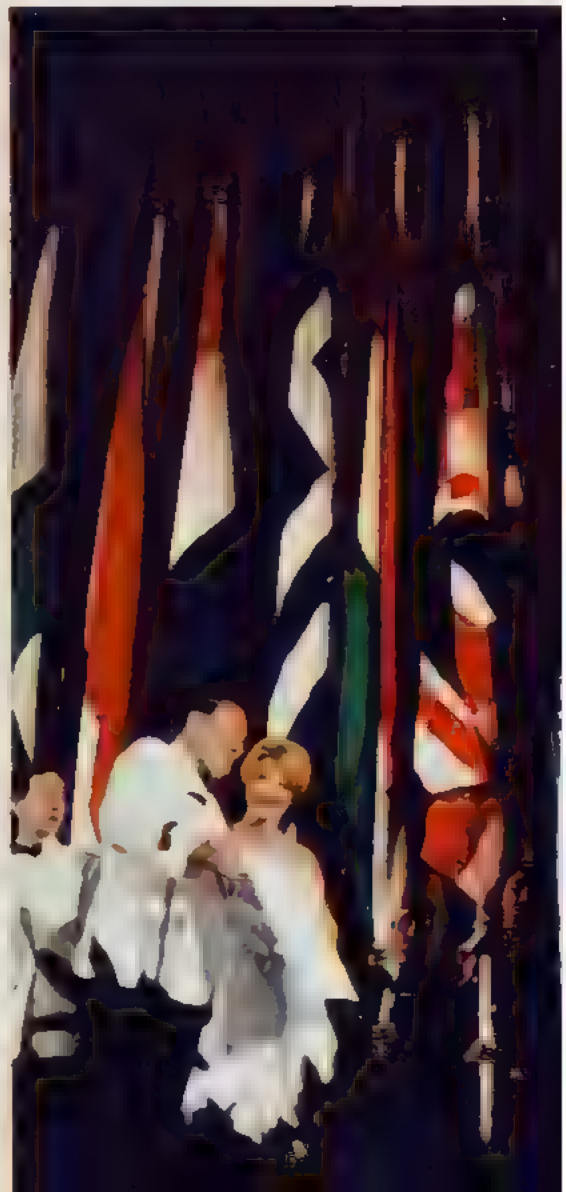


gesture was quite typical of the young ladies at the Festival, before and since, who seem forever ready to throw off their suits at the snap of a shutter.

The Carlton Hotel, on the Croisette looking out to sea, is the unofficial Festival headquarters, but if you want rooms there you'd better plan well ahead of time. There's an ample collection of other luxurious establishments to choose from, however, all fronting on the blue Mediterranean — the Martinez, the Réserve Miramar, the Gray d'Albion. Modern apartments are also available, as well as seagoing sleeping accommodations ranging from a fishing smack to a yacht. It really doesn't matter where you choose to stay — you won't be at home base very much anyway; there's too much to do and see.

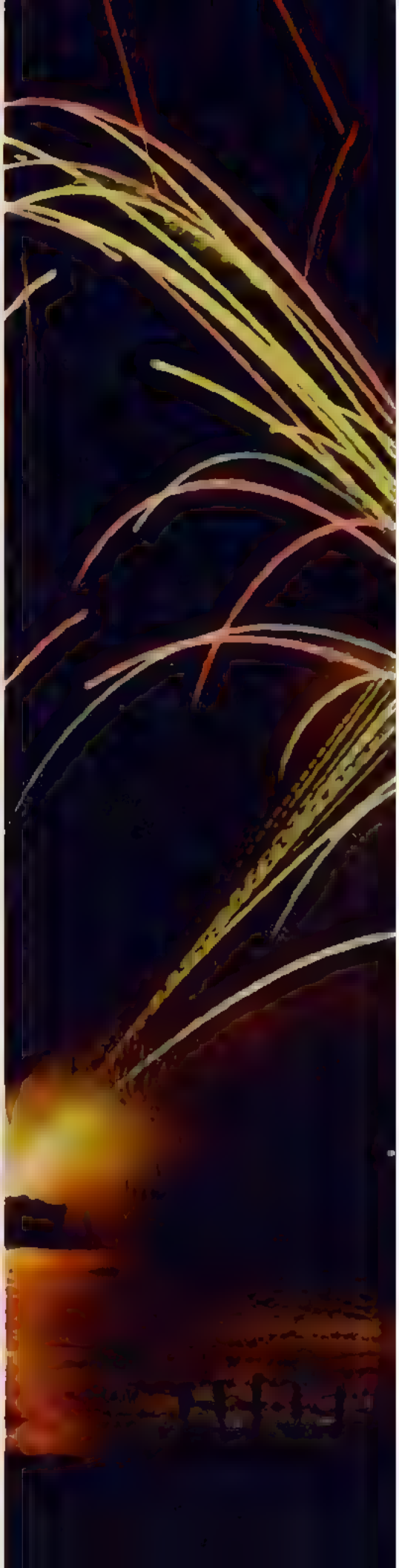
The Cannes Festival kicks off the season of film fests running from May to November, in Berlin, San Sebastian, Locarno, Pula (Yugoslavia), Karlovy Vary and Moscow (on alternate years), Venice, Edinburgh, London and Acapulco. Unquestionably Cannes rates tops over her sister festivals, not just from the artistically high level of its entries, but also because of the consistently high world-wide box-office returns enjoyed

(text continued on page 72)



Left, top to bottom: some of the world's famous film celebrities in attendance included: Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret and Yves Montand; the Japanese delegation; Pascale Petit with Gene Kelly, who was one of the Festival judges; Roberto Rossellini, and Sophia Loren with her husband, Carlo Ponti.

Above: cuties and their escorts cuddled and conversed at an all-night dancing and drinking party held at the Vieux Colombier Club in Juan-les-Pins. Below: just as the party is about to break up, with lovers hugging and huddling behind her on the sand, one uninhibited French beauty dances wildly on the beach and in the water until she bubbles out of her low-cut dress, smiles happily at the happenstance. Right: as the Cannes Film Festival comes to an end, a scene that spells a fitting finale is formed, as romantic couples gather along the beach of the French Riviera to watch a dazzling display of fireworks.



by its prize-winners. This standing is recognized by the international movie set, who annually turn out three thousand strong to see the films that will be setting movie-making trends, and to buy the films or the talent that went into creating them. The French send down from Paris all their fairest film fatales. Various ambassadors and chargés d'affaires are present to represent their countries. The film-merchants — from the five continents and from behind the Iron Curtain — buy and sell and bargain. And taking all this in are seven hundred representatives of the international press.

If you know the names and talents of Roberto Rossellini, Vittorio De Sica, Satyajit Ray and Ingmar Bergman, it's partly because a Cannes award first brought them to world attention. At Cannes the movie men are as hard-headed and money-conscious as in their native capitals, but because the Festival organizers — top government and cinema men — are concerned with film as an art form and as a cultural medium, they frequently select films that are a little off the commercial track. As a result, a film that might have stayed on the art-movie belt in its homeland suddenly makes the big scene through acclaim at Cannes.

The Festival is set up this way: each country with a film industry, and with whom France has diplomatic relations, is invited to participate. Each has the right to designate a film made during the preceding year, preferably one unreleased, as its official entry. In the United States, for instance, the choosing is fought out first by the Motion Picture Producers Export Association headed by Eric Johnston, representing the major producers, then it is knocked around by a board in Washington, D.C., comprising a man each from the State Department, the U.S. Information Agency, the Department of Defense, etc., before being silver-plattered to the Festival Committee. Until recently an officer in the U.S. Embassy in Paris spent five months of every year as Cannes Festival liaison man.

The Festival becomes a matter of national prestige for every country involved. A few years back, troubled by the huge success of a Soviet film and its beautiful star in the first days of the Festival, the State Department and Department of Defense somehow got together, strings were pulled, and Yul Brynner was flown in by a U.S. Army plane to pull the press off the Russians. This heavy-handed bit of diplomacy nearly backfired when the French press played up Brynner's means of travel, accusing the U.S. of not playing fair. Jayne Mansfield, introduced by more conventional transportation, created an actual riot, and thereby saved the U.S.' good name, put the French in a delighted state of high excitement, and stole the Soviets' thunder.

In addition to the one official entry, the Festival Committee has the right to invite any number of other films from each country, though usually no more than two or three. The Committee, headed by Robert Favre LeBret, spends most of its winters screening, screening and screening. The in-fighting among producers can be pretty stiff, since the biggest movie plum of the year is to get your film invited to the Cannes Festival. In Europe, even the label "Invited to the Cannes Film Festival" draws dividends at the box office.

The Festival is financed to the tune of roughly $200,000 from three sources: the town of Cannes, the Department of Alpes-Maritimes (where Cannes is located) and a special fund from the French government which comes in part from taxes paid by moviegoers all over France whenever they go to the movies.

The jury that makes the awards consists of ten men and one woman, about half of whom are French — directors, movie critics and literary men. The other half are from almost all parts of the globe. Gene Kelly, for instance, represented the U.S. last year, and the year before it was director George Stevens. The jury plays it pretty straight, though the major awards do seem to get spread around to various countries rather than to any one, and minor awards are occasionally slipped to a country that hasn't fared too well otherwise.

Last year's awards gave a kind of official benediction to a new brand of French movie-making which had been getting under way the winter before. Called the New Wave, its principal features were offbeat subjects, unknown actors, natural locations and very low cost budgets. The Golden Palm went to *Black Orpheus* of Marcel Camus, whose budget had been so low he often didn't have the carfare to ride the trolley to location when he was shooting in Rio de Janeiro. Top directorial award went to twenty-seven-year-old François Truffaut for *The 400 Blows*, which has since won the N.Y. Movie Critics' Award. Truffaut's prize was all the more special since he'd been banned from the Festival the preceding year because, as a movie critic, he'd panned the French entries too roughly.

Along with launching movie trends and crowning directors, the Cannes Film Festival with its seven hundred journalists can be an unsurpassed star-maker. Kim Novak and Grace Kelly zoomed much higher into the international film firmament after their first personal appearances at Cannes. In 1956, a young mademoiselle yclept Bardot became the most popular lass with photographers at the Festival. She'd made a few films then, but still was pretty much of a nobody, still a brunette even. Then the Festival photogs took over, pushed her into Gary Cooper's arms, elbowed her in front of Kim Novak, crashed her into receptions and dinners next to the biggest stars or producers, and shot away. Brigitte got a glorious press, and the Festival authorities grew very hot under the collar, busied themselves soothing the ruffled feathers of resentful female stars who wanted to know who this little French nobody was anyway, and BB was duly read a not very polite version of the riot act about limelight-hogging.

The next summer she made *And God Created Woman* and cinematic history. The next year saw the same Festival authorities humbly asking BB to please grace the event as one of France's leading ladies. Although a gentle-natured girl, BB has a long memory. She smilingly allowed as how she was all tied up film-making and just wouldn't be able to tear herself free for the Festival. But on the day the French were throwing their national reception, a gala affair with all the top bananas of the international movie world invited, Brigitte threw her own party twenty miles away, and the Festival authorities found themselves not only without a single photographer or journalist, but almost without a guest.

To return, from Brigitte, to her would-be sisters in cinema, they are the greatest, most ever-present, available commodity of the whole shindig. Every square foot of territory between the Casino and the Martinez — about a mile — is closely packed with slowly ambling lasses between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six, each of whom is doing her damnedest to catch the eye of a photographer or producer or most anybody, by dressing in as charm-revealing a way as she dares. They fill the terraces of the cafés, the lobbies and bars of the hotels, and, inevitably, the beaches. Minuscule dabs of bright plaid just manage to cover the vital areas, as they balance by on the finest of needle-heels, heads gotten up in huge straw hats or scarves. The mettle of these girls is perhaps best summed up by the pert youngster who wiggled her way into the Paris office of Jerome de Brière, press attaché for the French Government Film Office, to ask for Festival hospitality — a delicate euphemism meaning free room and board, offered by the Festival to certain selected personalities and press folk. He asked her what she did. "Oh," she quivered, "I'll do just anything." Although he turned her down, Brière spotted her a couple of weeks later well settled in the Carlton bar.

Speaking of the Carlton, just stand for ten minutes in its lobby at high Festival time and you'll see Mylène

(continued on page 86)

KATZMAN

I REMEMBER BABYLON

compounded of fact and fancy, this is a story of a unique and ultimate weapon

fiction **By ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

MY NAME IS ARTHUR C. CLARKE, and I wish I had no connection with the whole sordid business, but as the moral — repeat, moral — integrity of the United States is involved, I must first establish my credentials. Only thus will you understand how, with the aid of the late Dr. Alfred Kinsey, I have unwittingly triggered an avalanche that may sweep away much of western civilization.

Back in 1945, while a radar officer in the Royal Air Force, I had the only original idea of my life. Twelve years before the first Sputnik started beeping, it occurred to me that an artificial satellite would be a wonderful place for a television transmitter, since a station several thousand miles in altitude could broadcast to half the globe. I wrote up the idea the week after Hiroshima, proposing a network of relay satellites 22,000 miles above the equator; at this height, they'd take exactly one day to complete a revolution, and so would remain fixed over the same spot on the Earth.

The piece appeared in the October 1945 issue of *Wireless World*; not expecting that celestial mechanics would be commercialized in my lifetime, I made no attempt to patent the idea, and doubt if I could have done so anyway. (If I'm wrong, I'd prefer not to know.) But I kept plugging it in my books, and today the idea of communications satellites is so commonplace that no one knows its origin.

I did make a plaintive attempt to put the record straight when approached by the House of Representatives Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration; you'll find my evidence on page 32 of its report, *The Next Ten Years in Space*. And as you'll see in a moment, my concluding words had an irony I never appreciated at the time: "Living as I do in the Far East, I am constantly reminded of the struggle between the western world and the U.S.S.R. for the uncommitted millions of Asia. . . . When line-of-sight TV transmissions become possible from satellites directly overhead, the propaganda effect may be decisive. . . ."

I still stand by those words, but there were angles I hadn't thought of — and which, unfortunately, other people have.

It all began during one of those official receptions which are such a feature of social life in eastern capitals. They're even more common in the west, of course, but in Colombo there's little competing entertainment. At least once a week, if you are anybody, you get an invitation to cocktails at an embassy or legation, the British Council, the U.S. Operations Mission, L'Alliance Française, or one of the countless alphabetical agencies the UN has begotten.

At first, being more at home beneath the Indian Ocean than in diplomatic circles, my partner and I were nobodies and were left alone. But after Mike godfathered Dave Brubeck's tour of Ceylon, people started to take notice of us — still more so when he married one of the island's best-known beauties. So now our consumption of cocktails and canapés is limited chiefly by reluctance to abandon our comfortable sarongs for such western absurdities as trousers, dinner jackets and ties.

It was the first time we'd been to the Soviet Embassy, which was throwing a party for a group of Russian oceanographers who'd just come into port. Beneath the inevitable paintings of Lenin and Stalin, a couple of hundred guests of all colors, religions and languages were milling around, chatting with friends, or single-mindedly demolishing the vodka and caviar. I'd been separated from Mike and Elizabeth, but could see them at the other side of the room. Mike was doing his "There was I at fifty fathoms" bit to a fascinated audience, while Elizabeth watched him quizzically, and more people watched Elizabeth. *(continued on page 94)*

OPPENHEIM

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

From left to right, and right for a Sunday brunch in the city, the olive imported silk pongee miniature glen plaid suit boasts a three-button natural-shoulder jacket with lap seam trim, flap pockets and center vent; trousers are slim with plain front, by Cricketeer, $70. The brown and black wool and mohair miniature-check suit features a three-button jacket with flap pockets and center vent, by J & F, $55. Chalk-striped black wool worsted and mohair suit with shawl-collared natural-shoulder jacket features short, cutaway, hidden-button fly front, hacking welt pockets and short side vents, lined in antique blue, by Andrew Pallack, $95. Black cord-striped wool worsted and mohair suit sports one-pleat trousers and a two-button jacket with semi-peak lapels, hacking welt pockets, short cutaway front and center vent, by Don Richards, $55.

dark and elegant cool suitings are correct for urban wear

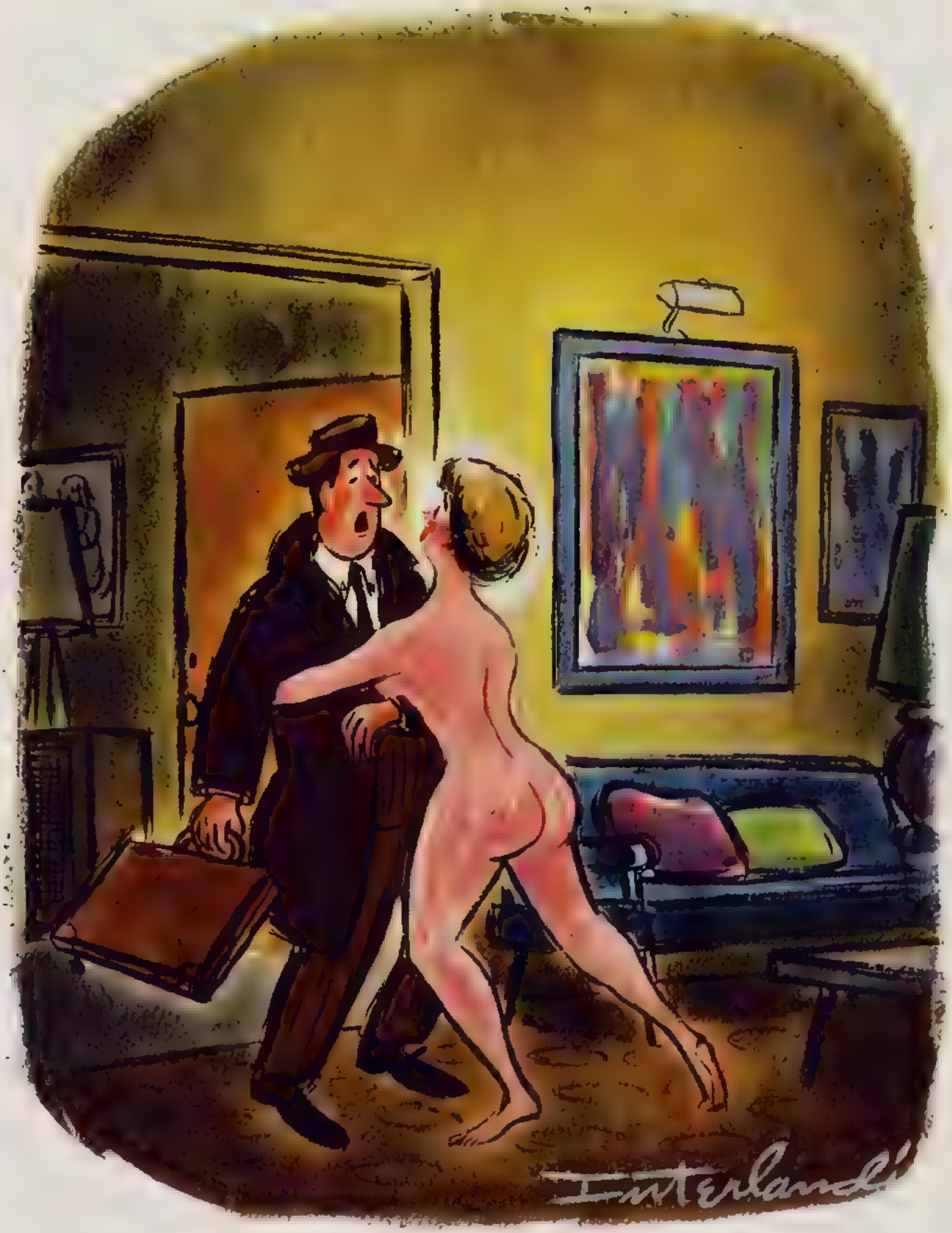
SUMMERTIME, and the livin' is not only easy, but breezy to boot. What you need is a closet correctly loaded for the annual change-over to lightweight suits, dress shirts and silken neckties.

Though post-equinoxial styles have undergone no radical revolution (the gentleman chooses Continental and/or Ivy), the voice of the fashionable turtle heard in the land this summer bespeaks distinctive new tones and shadings—dark ones.

Don't get us wrong: you'll still spot light-colored cords and ice-cream suits, but their popularity with the urban executive is melting. That array of baby-blue and dove-gray striped suitings is still worn with enthusiasm by some undergraduate types, but is being replaced among the knowing by town suits showing an increased emphasis on dark, rich shadings and burnished tones heretofore

(concluded on page 109)

SUDDENLY, THIS SUMMER



"Why can't you just greet me with cocktails the way other wives do?"

THE NEW TOWN CAR

smaller models are perfect for the man about the city

modern living By KEN PURDY

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT BRUNTON

WE ADDRESS OURSELVES TODAY to the most vexing problem of the peripatetic city dweller how shall he transport himself, or himself and his date, or himself and his date and a brace of friends, in today's jackstraw tangle of traffic? Supposing he wants to pick up his girl who lives uptown, take her downtown to a friend's pad for a drink, then, with friend, go to pick up *his* date just on the edge of the suburbs; then, four now, to dinner and a show, and afterward, a club on the other side of town for a night-cap. Bus? Subway? Are you out of your mind? Taxis? Fine, but an evening for four people, if they happen to live in neighborhoods distant from one another, will seriously erode a $20 note.

There remains your private automobile, and that has been, until recently, a source of small comfort. As common a cliché as any has been the one about the folly of keeping a car in town, what with garage rentals, impenetrable traffic, the impossibility of finding a place to park. For the past few years, with Detroit-made automobiles growing steadily longer, fatter and thirstier, there's been much wisdom in the *cri de coeur* of the urbanite who says he would shoot himself before he'd buy another car. But things have changed. Now there is hope.

Before we go on, it should be stated that one simple, perfect solution to this problem exists now as it has always existed: the gentleman's private carriage. Buy a good limousine — Rolls-Royce has a newish

model, the P-V, at $24,500—hire a chauffeur for, say, $100 a week, and let *him* worry about where to park the thing while you're in the theatre. He'll check with the box office to learn when the show breaks, and when it does, there he'll be, waiting, with the opera light winking on the roof so that you can tell *your* Rolls-Royce from the others. If this solution appeals to you, and is otherwise feasible, stop here—you have nothing further to learn from us.

The problem isn't limited to intra-urban transportation. What of the week-end in the country? What of the football game sixty miles away? What could be more dismal than waking up alone to the Sunday papers on a morning that should have found you in gay company a long way from home? But is avoiding the pang worth housing a hulking nineteen-foot barge useful for little else? Hardly.

The answer is the small automobile, now fully come of age. Small automobiles have been around for years, but until recently the choice was limited and the small car tended to be stark and uninteresting. It is no longer. Today you can buy smart, comfortable, fast small convertibles and hardtops off the peg. They're good-looking enough to stay in any company, fast enough to waste no time, small enough to stick in a parking space big cars can't use.

We are *not* talking here about sports cars. In fact, sports cars are specifically excluded on the grounds that the two-seaters are too small, the four-seaters vastly too expensive, and both types less than ideally suited mechanically for urban use. We're concerned here with two

MINI-MINOR

STUDEBAKER LARK

types of automobiles: the first is the chic, good-looking, useful convertible or hardtop, suitable, in the light of today's flexible mores, for any social occasion; the second is the simpler, starker, cheaper utilitarian four-seater, the basic transporter. The first type we'll call the town car; the second, the hack—a useful and much-abused word which has been sicklied o'er with negative and taximetric connotations, but which merits revival in its pristine meaning: a handy, vehicular city conveyance.

To begin close to the center of the circle, and with the town car, there are five American-made specimens: Corvair, Falcon, Valiant, Lark, Rambler. These are the so-called "compact" automobiles, smaller than the standard Detroiters, bigger than the small Europeans. The

TRIUMPH

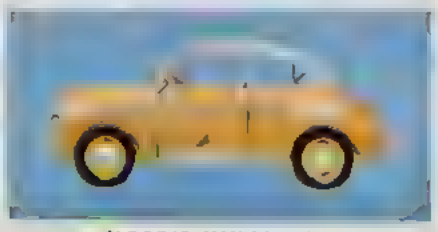
VAUXHALL VICTOR

RENAULT 4CV

Corvair, made by Chevrolet, has an air-cooled flat six engine mounted in the rear. Unlike most air-cooled engines, it's fairly quiet, and since it's air-cooled its owner is relieved of any concern about freeze-ups. Like all rear-engine cars, the Corvair has a tendency toward oversteer (the sensation that the car wants to go deeper into the corner than the angle of the steering wheels would warrant), but it's so slight, and appears only at such high speeds that the chances are you'll never notice it.

Wise-eyed laymen are apt to view the advent of any such "new" design as the Corvair with the remark that they'll wait to buy until the "bugs" have been got out of it. It seems that there are few bugs left in the Corvair, and they're being quickly eliminated. The design and placement of the rear engine, the "radical" design feature of the car, owes a great deal to long-established Volkswagen and Porsche practice; for another thing, the car has run millions of miles in test.

Ford's Falcon is a standard conventional automobile, a successful attempt to create a sedan that will accommodate six adults on a wheel base rather less than that of a Greyhound bus. The compromise is wholly successful. The Falcon is simple without being stark, and graceful but not gaudy. Like the Corvair, it's an 80-85-mile-an-hour motorcar and should average more than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline. (Mercury's



MORRIS MINOR 1000

Comet is somewhat bigger—195 inches overall—than the other small cars and really doesn't belong in the compact class at all.)

The Valiant, by Chrysler, is the biggest—by an inch or so—the heaviest and the fastest of the Big Three compact models. It's a little more lush than the other two, more strikingly styled, down to a simulated spare-tire bulge on the rear deck. It will do 100 miles an hour, and it may very well be the forerunner of tomorrow's compact luxury car. The notion that a small car *de grande luxe* may be produced in Detroit in a couple of years has struck many Americans as odd, so successfully has advertising propaganda accustomed us to the notion that only big cars can be luxurious. The fact is that the idea is a common one, and timeworn at that. The Rolls-Royce people used to produce a tiny jewel-like model called The Twenty for the number of its horsepower by British rating; during the 1930s the Brewster coach

PEUGEOT 403

VOLKSWAGEN CABRIOLET

CHEVROLET CORVAIR

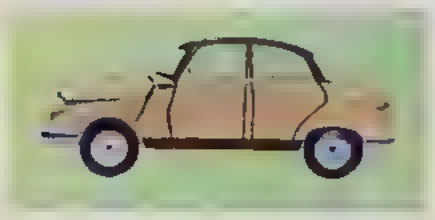
VESPA 400

METROPOLITAN

builders, and others, built limousines and genuine *coupes de ville*, town cars, on the first Ford V-8 chassis, very short by today's standards. A *coupe de ville* of the Thirties on a Ford Model A chassis, newly restored, created a sensation at an Eastern classic car show not long ago.

To return to the list of American town cars, all of the Big Three offerings can be had, in a manner of speaking, for

DATSUN 1000



PANHARD

$2000, but in practice you'll find it happiest to have another two or three hundred in hand when you walk into the dealership.

The Studebaker Lark, which has been selling at such a rate that the New York Stock Exchange had briefly to suspend dealings in Studebaker last autumn, so that the ticker could catch up, offers a wider line of compact cars than the Big Three do so far: a sedan, a station wagon, and a convertible, with option of six- or eight-cylinder engines, and prices starting around $2100. The Larks are sturdy, well-made cars — Studebaker craftsmanship has always been notable — and are very gracefully styled. When they're powered by the eight-cylinder engines they will move competitively with any car in the class and with some that would seem to be out of it.

The American Motors people, whom we used to know as the Nash people, certainly broke ground for the U.S. compact automobiles, and their Rambler is one of the important examples. The Rambler is a 100-inch-wheel base car, priced at under $2000 anywhere in the country. The Rambler is an American standard.

That's the lot, as far as domestic compact numbers go. They offer a decently wide choice, but much greater variety is available when the category is expanded to include imported makes.

The new Rover 3-liter is probably the most luxurious small car in the world, and, at $4995, one of the most expensive. It has a wheel base of 110.5 inches, four inches longer than the Chrysler Company's Valiant. The Rover has been designed for quiet, long life and driving ease. The immaculate leather and walnut interior reflects the British company's policy of using only the best material, where it shows and where it does not as well. The Rover shares twenty-odd points of mechanical similarity with the Rolls-Royce, and every knowledgeable tester who drives a Rover inevitably compares it with that make. It's one of the world's great cars.

The Citroën ID 19 is currently one of the most intriguing automobiles on the world's roadways, a brand-new design by an old-line French house. The body shell is radical in appearance, dashing and "quick" in line, drive is to the front

SAAB 93B

RAMBLER

FIAT 600

wheels in accordance with Citroën practice since 1932, and the suspension is not by springs but by a unique air-and-oil system. It is my considered opinion that the Citroën ID 19 and the more expensive DS 19 produce the most comfortable ride of any car in the world, regardless of price. Particularly over rough surface, the comfort, the smoothness and the road adhesion all border on the incredible. The ID 19 sells at around $2740 with foam-rubber seats, $2590 with standard types.

A lovely small town car is the Lancia

LANCIA APPIA

RILEY 1.5

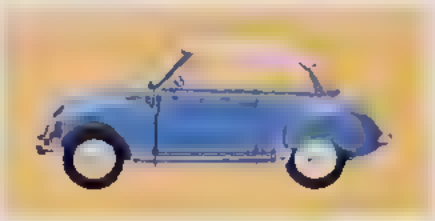
Appia, a "pillarless" sedan with a great V-4 engine. A pillarless sedan is one in which the rear door is hinged in back and the front door in front, so that both open in the center of the car; they close on small steel pegs set in floor and roof, so that there's no center pillar to squeeze past. Pillarless construction is very useful in a small sedan, but it's expensive, and the Appia goes for around $3000. It's 99 inches in wheel base, five inches more than a Volkswagen, and 135 inches overall as against the VW's 160. The difference reflects a basic tenet in Lancia design: put the wheels as close to the ends of the car as possible, and thus avoid overhanging metal with its destructive effect on stability. Like all

FORD FALCON

Lancias, the Appia is a fine road car.

The Jaguar people, best known for fast two-seaters, make a compact car, the 3.8 model. This used to be called the 2.4 and then the 3.4, reflecting the size of the engine in liters. The 3.8 engine is a big one by European standards at 3800 cubic centimeters capacity. (For comparison, the Valiant engine measures 2791 c.c.) The 3.8 Jag runs a 107-inch wheel base, is 180 inches overall, the

same as the Corvair. It's a fast car (well over 100), has brutal acceleration and all the amenities: leather, walnut, occasional tables in the rear, disk brakes on



DKW 3-6

FORD CONSUL

all wheels, automatic transmission, the lot, for $5000 plus. The 3.8 even has power steering, which almost no foreign cars have, or need (they're light). It's not really a town car, though. It's a *gran turismo* car.

Another British product in a lower price range is the MG Magnette at $2695. This is a 178 inch sedan running on 68 horsepower put through a standard transmission. (Incidentally, only comparatively big, expensive items like Rover and Jaguar offer fully automatic transmissions of the type we're used to in this country. Hillman is the one exception. Some small cars such as DKW, SAAB, Renault and NSU Prinz offer an automatic clutch; a Dutch car, the DAF, not yet widely sold here, has infinitely variable transmission through expanding pulleys, but most commonly an imported car offers a steering-post-mounted stick shift.) Some tradition-minded firms (MG is one) still make a floor-mounted shift. They may be right. After all, the newest American cars, the compacts, use floor-mounted manual shifts. They are simple, trouble-free,

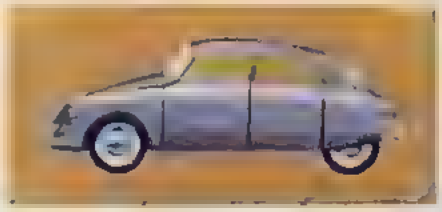
OPEL REKORD

more pleasant to use than the steering-post type; their one disadvantage is that they get in the way of the middle passenger when three are carried in front. The MG's shift lever is short, stiff and sturdy, of a piece with the rest of the automobile. Leather upholstery is standard, so is a heater, and this is not the case with most British cars. It has been only in recent years that the British have conceded the necessity for car heaters, and most of the sporting types still take a fairly distant view of them.

Another old-line British house, Hillman, has a neat, well-designed and well-made four-passenger convertible selling around $2265. The car measures 162 inches overall and looks to be derivative of some American design practice — the best of it. Standard shift only, $1695, 52 horsepower. The Hillman is a small car, but it's roomy. Many buyers entering a foreign car for the first time expect to be cramped. They forget that the cars are built for Europeans, who are standard-size people with two legs, two arms, one head and so on. Even as me and thee.

CHRYSLER VALIANT

HILLMAN MINX



CITROËN ID19

The front-seat head room in 40-odd imported automobiles ranges between 34 and 39 inches; the leg room between 35 and 48, with most makes falling somewhere in the middle. The Hillman, for example, has 38 inches of head room and about 36 of front leg room. The idea that most small imports are cramped in the rear is widespread, yet the three biggest sellers, the English Ford, the Volkswagen and the Renault Dauphine, average 39 inches of rear leg room, and the standard Chevrolet, Ford and Plymouth only 40.2 inches. One and two-tenths inches make very little difference.

The Borgward, made in West Germany, is a notably sturdy car, currently available as sedan, coupe and station wagon. The sedan is $2495, measures 173 inches and will get about 22 miles to the gallon out of a 60-horsepower engine with standard transmission — no other kind is available. The Borgward is designed to run 100,000 miles without major attention. Some owners have reported difficulty getting into the first-gear slot in the transmission and it's a point worth checking.

ROVER 3-LITER

SUNBEAM RAPIER

Another West German job is the DKW, sometimes known as Das Kleine Wunder. This is a three-cylinder, two-stroke car. A two-stroke engine is just that: it completes its cycle in two strokes instead of the standard four and thus produces twice as many power impulses. The standard two-stroke engine has seven moving parts: three pistons, three connecting-rods, one crankshaft. There are no valves and no camshafts. A two-stroke engine has a characteristic nervous, blatting, busy sound, particularly on the over-run, and because it usually has roller bearings, it's quick to accel-

FORD ANGLIA

DKW 750

erate. The so-called "big" DKW (there's a smaller one, the 750) sells for $1995, is 170 inches and produces 50 horsepower. A heater is standard. Like most European cars, the DKW has a place for a radio, but it's optional. Windshield washers are not often standard, either. Two-stroke cars, for reasons involving lubrication problems, are built with a free wheel and when the free wheel is engaged, the DKW can be shifted without use of the clutch except for starting and stopping.

Pronounced Go-lee-aht, the Goliath

is a West German sedan at $1949 running a flat four engine that produces 63 horsepower. The flat engine is very stylish just now, what with Corvair having followed VW and Porsche in its use.

NSU PRINZ

Mercedes-Benz produces one of the most varied lines of quality motorcars the world has ever seen, but most of them are carried outside the category of small town car either by price or size or both. The 180 model, however, is compact at 177 inches. This is a four-cylinder-engine car, but it's an exceptionally smooth, vibration-free four cylinder producing 78 horsepower. Mercedes-Benz cars are esteemed for longevity and excellence of design, and the 180 is a characteristic product of a house that makes a fetish out of the most rigid possible inspection procedures. A diesel-engine version, the 180D, is available at $3517. The D version produces fewer horses (46) and is marked by a higher noise level and a lumpier idle than the other, but it will run 40 miles or so to a gallon of 25-cent fuel.

Opel is another old-line German house, now a creature of General Motors, and a pretty good sedan is available from Opel at $1957. It goes 174 inches, produces 79 horsepower, has 35 inches of head room and 44 inches of leg room in front and runs on a standard transmission with nothing optional offered. The Opel has a Detroit air about it, wears a little more chrome than most imports and has that "the-girls-have-been-here" look about the upholstery and interior fittings. Nice car, though, with heater and windshield washers and white tires and like that. Disappointment will dog you if you seek, in shopping most European cars, wide areas of option on upholstery material or paint colors. Europeans still consider the small and medium-sized cars to be basically utilitarian, designed as transportation not status symbols, and a choice of six colors, of leather or two kinds of cloth satisfies most customers. Some odd fabrics show up occasionally. I've seen German, Swedish and French cars upholstered in corduroy. I found it pleasant to the touch and I suspect it would wear well. The weirdest upholstery material is currently used by the Russians: a short-nap plush, of the kind we used to use in Pullman cars, often shows up in Moskvich (a four-cylinder, 45-horsepower job now available in this country at around $1500), Volga and Chaika cars, frequently in a raspberry red. It's a mistake, however, to knock Russian automobiles. They are very well made indeed. The editor of a leading British technical journal told me, after touring Soviet car factories, that he thought the cars he saw being built would last "damned near forever."

VOLVO 122S

SKODA 450

SIMCA OCEANE

MG MAGNETTE

BORGWARD ISABELLA

The French-built Peugeot has been called, by the well-known magazine *Road & Track*, one of the seven best-built cars in the world. It costs $2175 with whitewall tires, windshield washer, heater, measures 176 inches and produces 65 horsepower. It has fully reclining front seats, an amenity available on some other European cars (SAAB, for example) and one for which the shopper should inquire. Very restful. Very handy.

Panhard is an old, old name in French automobile history, and the current Panhard is a lively, rather hairy little automobile, not really so little at 180 inches. It has a two-cylinder engine (but they're big cylinders, almost 500 c.c. apiece) driving the front wheels. The Panhard has been the basis of a good number of successful competition cars in Europe, and many drivers find the notion that they're being whistled along by only two cylinders very appealing. The car costs $1697 and will deliver 31 miles to the gallon. It's air-cooled, and the heater operates on the theory that hot air can be gathered from around the exhaust stacks and blown into the car through ducts. The system works well enough for moderate climes, but a Minnesota customer might wish to look into gasoline-fired heaters.

JAGUAR S.6

The Volkswagen is the biggest seller among imported cars, but the Renault Dauphine has been crowding it hard for the past few months, outselling it in some areas. The Dauphine's engine is rear-mounted and water-cooled; it sells for $1645 and is certainly better looking than the VW. It's a little shorter, too: 142 inches. It has 34 inches of head room in front, 40 inches of leg room. It's available with a Ferlec automatic clutch, and so is Renault's four-seater convertible, the Caravelle, at $2495. If rarity intrigues you, the Czechoslovakian Skoda comes in a nice sedan at around $1575.

The British-made Riley 1.5-liter sedan comes of a long and honored line of sports cars famous in the Thirties for

(continued on page 101)

BMW 700

MERCEDES-BENZ 180

A SENSE OF PROPORTION

Ribald Classic

ONCE LONG AGO, a certain vizier was given three wishes by a genie. Excited beyond measure at his good fortune, he hurried home to inform his wife and to enlist her help in formulating the wishes. "You are always wanting things," he told her. "Now help me to decide what we ought to wish for."

This vizier's wife was a young and lusty woman in her prime and she best knew what her husband needed, for to her way of thinking he lacked somewhat in the proportions a man should possess. Therefore she said: "Let not my words anger you, husband. Only reflect that Allah did not see fit to bestow upon you the manly magnitude of other husbands. Use the first wish to remedy this deficiency, saying, 'Genie, correct this fault and let me possess this gift in proportions more ample than those of any male.' "

At first the vizier was wroth, but he saw the wisdom of this idea, and he phrased the wish in the very words she had proposed.

There was a crack of thunder and the vizier had his wish, although it did not please him, as you will hear. Alas, he and his wife had forgotten that genies are of the race of giants. The vizier, therefore, fell to the floor, drawn down by the weight of the genie's gift. "See what you have accomplished by your inordinate greed!" he shrieked at his wife. "What is to become of us?"

Although his wife trembled, she collected her wits. "Wish it gone!" she cried.

The vizier did so that very second, but when he beheld himself with naught where the genie's gift had been, he fainted dead away and had to be revived with cold water. His anger, when he regained his senses, can well be imagined, and his wife's confusion was boundless.

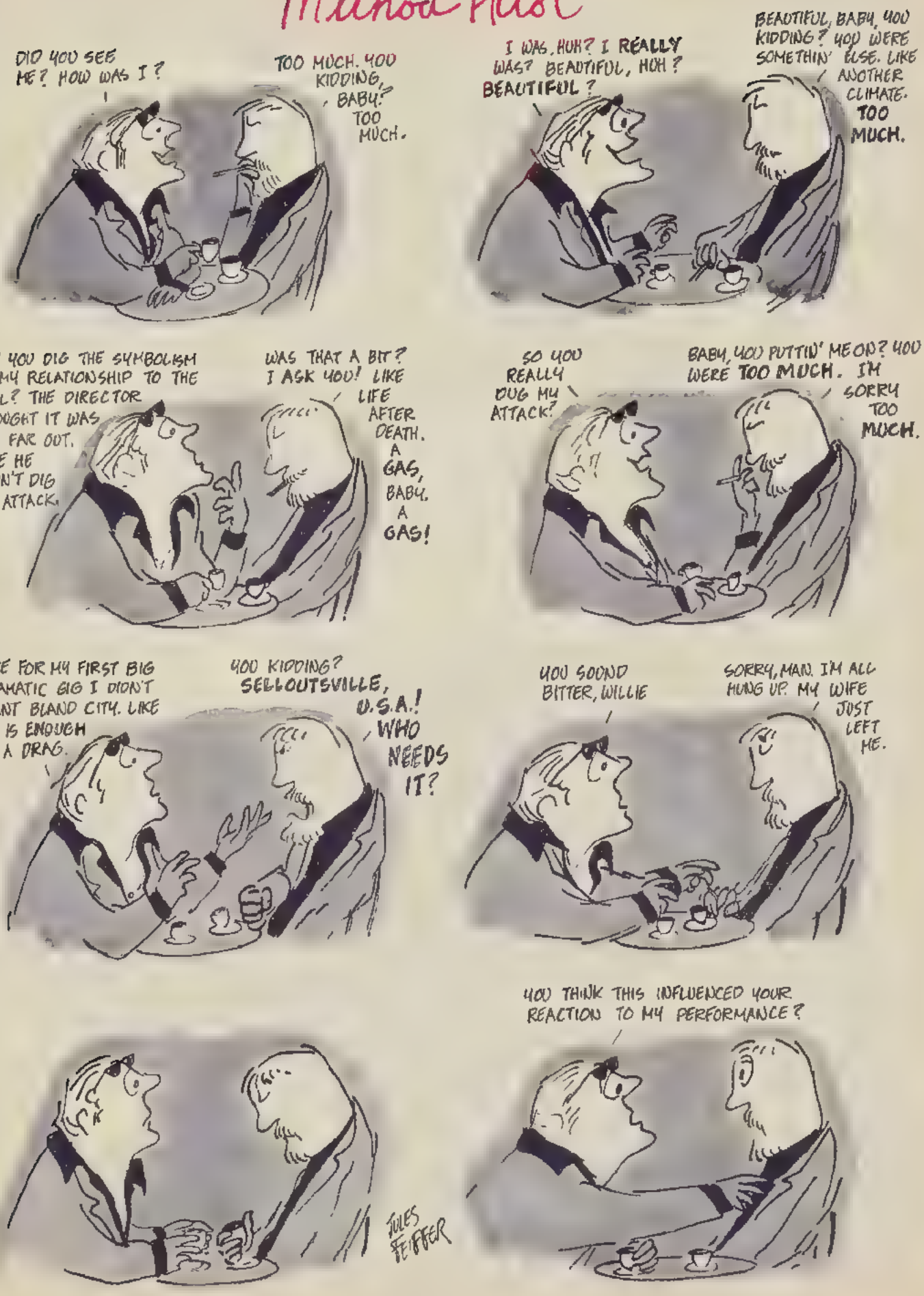
"By Allah!" she screamed. "Beseech the genie to make all as it was before you uttered the first wish."

The vizier was too frantic to remember how far the wishes had gone and he made the third and last wish and was restored to his original state and proportions. Thus the genie's three wishes were wasted.

—Translated by J. A. Gato

A new translation from the Turkish *Kirk Wezir Hikiayisi* of Shaikhzadi

Method Actor



REQUIEM FOR RADIO *(continued from page 52)*

engineers or ad men or station owners.

Of course, there were exceptions. Notable among these was Archibald MacLeish, whose verse-play *The Fall of the City* won just about every available prize and stands as the high point in radio drama. Norman Corwin brought quality to the airwaves, though in retrospect his orotund antiwar messages seem more valuable as propaganda than as art. Still, it was he who defined and shaped strict radio style and through his influence the classic form was developed. Corwin demonstrated the vast potential of radio drama by abolishing both time and space. He created the little musical bridges that spanned centuries, and helped to create most of the other technical magics. If anyone deserves the title Mr. Radio, it is surely he. Equally an innovator, but slightly less a pure talent, was horror-specialist Arch Oboler. Oboler wrote the way a machine gun fires. A script a day was routine, but occasionally he would do two or three, and once in a while even four within a twenty-four-hour period. They were all short on characterization, as might be expected, but a surprising number of them showed real imagination. Oboler's *Lights Out* dramas, in particular, were rich in the stuff of horror. One week he would give us a story about an experiment on a chicken's heart which causes the heart to grow and grow until it covers the earth (at the end of this play, the last survivors are cruising at six thousand feet in their private plane; we hear the drone of the single engine, then the dry cough and sputtering which indicate that the plane is running out of gas; another cough, a final splutter, a rush of air, a ghastly SPLOOGE! as the machine is swallowed up, and then the steady, horrible THOOMP THOOMP of the earth-encompassing heart). The following week, he would give us a woman who turns into a cat and eats her favorite canary, the week after that, a variation on the chicken heart yarn—a hole in the ground that gets deeper and wider and deeper, until . . . It wasn't art, but it was effective, and it had magic. Oboler's intention was to scare us silly, and silly he scared us.

Of course, the child psychologists objected to the plethora of horror on radio, but as a matter of strict and demonstrable fact, most shows were very moral. At the end of each episode we were reminded that although the villains appeared to be having a grand time, they would inevitably be crushed under the humdrum heel of Good. Or, as The Shadow so aptly put it, "The weed of crime bears bitter fruit." And *he* knew.

There were even more subtle appeals to the moral sense. Breathes there a man among us who does not remember vividly the Elephants' Graveyard chapter in *Jack Armstrong*? Elephants, we learned, were wise and mysterious animals who knew when they were about to die. It mattered not whether from disease, a wound (barring direct brain shots), or old age: they knew; and, feeling the bitter wind from The Great Scythesman upon them, they would lumber proudly to a secret place and lay their heavy living cargo down and quietly die. In a fog-shrouded valley hidden deep in the deepest part of unknown Africa were ten thousand elephant skeletons and twenty thousand ivory tusks. It was a great white cathedral, holy and untouched. To disturb it would be sacrilege. Ivory we knew to be valuable, and so it was no surprise to learn that there were certain unscrupulous men, evil to the last whisker of their black beards, who had so little regard for what was proper that they actually intended to pillage the cemetery—and for the basest reason of all: money. It took Jack a long time (something like six months) to thwart the monsters, but he succeeded, and we all rejoiced. A child today, in the time of Charles Van Doren, might ask why. The men were only try

ing to turn a little profit on some dead bones, after all, weren't they? *No!* They were trying to defile beauty, ruin loveliness, flout tradition. Not a bad message, it seems to me.

Then of course there were the prizes. We can't talk about radio without mentioning the wonderful things that kids got for two boxtops and coin-or-stamps. Among the more memorable treasures:

Rings. With secret compartment (for hidden messages); with decoder (for clues regarding next week's adventure); with siren (for summoning aid); with identification (for showing your friends that you were a member in good standing of the Secret Squadron); with compass (for never getting lost); and with mirror (for checking to see that you were not being followed). All bright as quicksilver upon arrival, these items were guaranteed to turn your finger dark green in a week. *Badges.* With cluster leaf for spirit of faith shown by sending extra boxtops. *Periscopes.* For seeing around fences and spying on your enemies. *Hike-O-Meters.* For measuring how far you walked in a day. *Ovaltine shakers.* For holding next to your forehead when dissolved Ovaltine crystals and milk had turned the shaker cold and frosty. *Charms. Buttons. Wings. Silent whistles.* And a hundred other precious gewgaws, eagerly awaited and delightedly received by small fry who didn't know or care that they were making the manufacturers rich.

• • •

I think of my childhood friend, radio, and I wish I could go back to him for a little while. For an hour. One hour with my eyes closed and my mind open, lying on my back under those great carved wooden legs, listening. Listening to the kid shows, but to many of the grown-up shows too; listening and listening and listening . . .

To *Little Orphan Annie* ("Who's that little chatterbox, the one with pretty auburn locks?"), *Don Winslow of the Navy* ("Oh, Cuh-*lumm*-bvuh the Gem *uv* the Oh-shunnn!"), *Buck Rogers* ("... in the Twenty-Fifth CENNNN-turceee!"), *The Lone Ranger* ("A cloud of dust and a hearty Hi-yo Silverrr! Awa-a-a-ay!"), *First Nighter* ("The little theatre off Times Square"), *Vic and Sade* ("The little house halfway up in the next block"), *Amos and Andy* ("Buzz me, Miss Blue"), *Gang Busters* ("Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!"), *Og, Son of Fire; Terry and the Pirates; Captain Midnight; The Green Hornet, Wilderness Road; King of the Royal Mounted, The Shadow; Peter Quill, Lights Out, Inner Sanctum; The Hermit's Cave; The Mollé Mystery Theatre; Suspense, Mr. Keene, Tracer of Lost Persons; Columbia Workshop; Theatre Guild on the Air, Lux Radio Theatre,* John Nesbitt's *Passing Parade* . . . and the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic . . . Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Kate Smith, Jack Benny, Don Wilson, Harry von Zell, Fred Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, Nelson Olmsted, and George Hicks, speaking to you *for* United States Steel. To Orson Welles and his Mercury Players, who convinced us that the Martians had arrived. To Nila Mack and the *Let's Pretend* people, who filled our lives with beauty. To Raymond, Your Host, and Arch Oboler, who kept us shivering under the covers. To James Fassett, who taught us that Mozart wrote some pretty tunes. To Archibald MacLeish and Norman Corwin, who gave us poetry and drama. Yes, and even to *Helen Trent* and *Life Can Be Beautiful* and *The Goldbergs* and *Stella Dallas* (plus Stella's nemesis, "the wealthy *but insane* Ada Dexter") and The Story That Asked the Question: Can a girl from a little mining town in the West find happiness as the wife of a wealthy and titled Englishman?

But—sadly—I *can't* go back. So: to all the terrible wonderful shows, all the lost hours of enchantment, all the laughter and fear and dreaming—a salute, and a farewell.

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CANNES FESTIVAL

(continued from page 72)

Demongeot, Pascale Petit, Estella Blain, Agnès Laurent, Daniele Gaubert, Liliane Brousse, etc.—a very rewarding experience, and one not to be equaled anywhere.

If the girls can't find themselves a producer (on the whole hardened souls who usually come with their wives or established ladyfriends), they'll try to latch onto the lensmen. (Note: pack a camera.) The European photographer is a determined man, and if he can't sweet talk a girl into lifting off those last vital millimeters of material, he'll just reach out and do the job for her. These scenes can happen just about anywhere: last year, on the official Festival picnic to the Isle of Ste. Marguerite, one girl lost first the top, then the bottom of her suit, and afterward, with crowds cheering, she retired in suitable tears. It was also on this municipal excursion, which always seems to prompt nudity, that Simone Silva bared her ample bosom to Bob Mitchum in the aforementioned incident. Our photographer caught one young lady—a contestant in the Miss Festival beauty contest—just as a friendly crowd pulled off the top of her suit on the most public of all Cannes' beaches, right in front of the Festival Theatre. If she had shown the same spirit during the beauty contest, she might have stood a chance. As it was, the crown went to an American Negro girl, Cecelia Cooper, who looked very enticing indeed in her yellow bikini.

One French photographer who felt that the Festival authorities were taking themselves much, much too seriously, arranged to have a voluptuous starlet in a revealing halter and shorts walk up to the president of the film jury, Marcel Achard of the most proper Academie Française, a gentleman very conscious of the importance of maintaining the dignity of the whole two-week affair. The idea was for the girl to flex her back muscles and let the top of her bikini pop off directly before him, so that he, as a gallant Frenchman, would be obliged (in theory) to courteously retrieve it for her—all of which would be recorded by the waiting lensmen. The starlet practiced popping out a number of times until she had it down pat, but at the last minute she lost her nerve. The incident, and her bra, never came off.

As you may have surmised, friendships with the fair sex are pretty easily entered into in Cannes at Festival time. Of course, it helps if you speak the language, but many of the girls have found English important to their potential movie careers, so even if you flunked French, you should be able to communicate well enough. Your opportunities to strike up an acquaintance are, quite simply, manifold. There's something of a friendly, we're-all-one-big-happy-family atmosphere at the Film Festival, which makes the direct approach the simple, logical and easy one.

Every afternoon, one of the twenty odd participating countries throws a big spread on the terrace of one of the sea front hotels. If you've been diligent in your friend-making on the beach, it shouldn't be too hard for you to go along to many of these pleasant brawls. Crashing the gate isn't hard, and practically every visitor to Cannes at Festival time has done so at least once. These cocktail parties are also excellent places for you to socialize easily with the ladies who turn out en masse. Scotch and champagne are the principal beverages, though lethal slivovitz is served by the Czechs, who usually spread one of the best tables of the Festival, with masses of succulent ham and hot wursts flown in from Prague. The Poles and Soviets are lavish with caviar and vodka.

The Italians, who have a rather strong sense of competition because their Venice Festival is the closest rival to Cannes, knock themselves out by taking over a whole château up in the hills looking over the city and sea, bringing people in by dozens of buses, and serving them whole barbecued pigs, Italian style, along with great Italian breads, cheeses and wines. For dessert, along with espresso and *gelati*, they generally bring out Sylvana Mangano and/or Gina Lollobrigida in their most extravagant décolletages. Also every beauteous Italian starlet is summoned for the occasion to do honor for her country.

If you don't make a national reception, you always have a good excuse to dally in the hall or bar of the Carlton, sipping the Festival drink concocted of fresh fruit and champagne, admiring the scenery and, once again, making friends.

Dinner in the dining room is always a glittery affair with a dozen big-name stars, directors and national delegates supping before the late show. The food is classic international hotel cuisine—grilled meats, fresh vegetables, interesting desserts—coming to around $5 or $6 per meal, plus wine.

If you're for a quicker or more informal snack, there's the Drap d'Or or Chez Félix, restaurant-cafés with open air terraces looking out on the dark Mediterranean, where you can get a good spaghetti Bolognese and red wine or a more elaborate, finely cooked meal as well, for something over a dollar. But if you're really interested in sampling some fancy French cuisine with the emphasis on seafood—you *are* in a seaport—make reservations through your concierge for one of the eateries right on the Vieux Port, where you can look out at the harbor lights through a fine cross hatching of masts and yachting flags. There you can introduce your palate to such delights as *loup de mer flambé*—literally translated as a flaming sea wolf—in which the fish is stuffed with marvelous herbs, poured over with Armignac and touched off. The result—crusty to bite into, with tender perfumed meat on the inside—is difficult to resist.

Stroll along from dinner to the Festival Palace about ten minutes early and have your after-dinner coffee strong and

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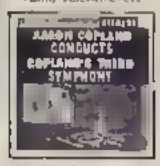

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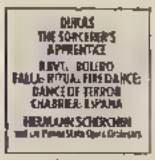

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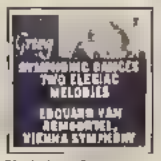

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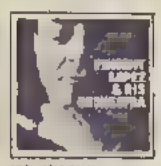

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black from the espresso machine of the next-door café, the Blue Bar. The sidewalks are roped off to the general public (half the population of the city, you begin to think) with motorcycle cops whirring about and imposing order. The actual lobby of the Festival Palace, if the star of the evening is someone like Kim Novak or Sophia Loren, is packed tighter than any rush-hour subway. Escorted by Festival Director M. LeBret, the star makes her beaming way slowly up the red-carpeted stairs as the hall goes white with the explosions from hundreds of flash bulbs. Each succeeding celebrity gets a comparable treatment. Outside in the street the watchers send up the name of each new star in a whoosh of excitement.

Inside the hall (and no one not in evening dress is allowed to set foot inside) the people downstairs in the orchestra stand and look at the famous folk upstairs. Seating arrangements in the balcony have brought more than one distinguished movie-maker to near blows with the Festival organizers over imagined slights to their prestige.

You can, of course, go to the Festival and never see a movie, and still have a ball. But if you do want to see some of the films, it's wise to make reservations well ahead of time. All in all, about a hundred or more movies get unspooled during the two weeks—morning, noon and night. Daytime shows will set you back from $2 to $5 per. The evening show, at ten, is in most demand, however, and seats cost from $5 to $10, rising to $20 a seat for the closing night when the awards are announced.

Be prepared to lose about the first five minutes of the film because of the photographers' flurry over the star of the evening. The audience, you'll note, behaves in a way special and peculiar to film festival crowds. Don't be surprised by bursts of applause right in the middle of a movie. Bold or original shots, or a really good piece of acting, are applauded, the way opera lovers respond to an aria. Some old Festival hands claim they can predict the awards from the pattern of applause throughout a film. Occasionally you think they may be right, if you're present at a screening like that of *Room at the Top* last year. Everybody knew that Simone Signoret was a cinch for the top acting prize from the thunderous ovation given her.

The films shown at the Festival handle adult themes in a thoroughly adult way. There are no censors' evil-minded scissors at work here, though even the Paris public occasionally gets a version that is clipped. Sex, despite the fact that France's Minister for Cultural Affairs, André Malraux, feels it isn't quite the right export to be associated with France in the world's mind, is still much in evidence. And, on occasion, you even get some pleasant surprises from odd corners of the world. The young Polish and Hungarian movie-makers, for example, cut loose with many a surprisingly revealing, frank scene. Of course, the sound tracks of these films are in the native tongue, with French subtitles, so you may be guessing about what's going on, except for the British and U.S. entries.

After the show, there's usually a midnight supper party in honor of the film just presented. If you've rented a car—a simple matter easily arranged with your indispensable concierge—maybe you'll want to drop in at Whisky à Go Go, an unpretentious, expensive little *boîte* on the outskirts of town on the road to Nice. It's *the* place to go after dark. It's warm and low-lit, with music supplied by American records which are very popular in France. The setting: one dark tartan-walled room with a small dance floor for visitors, and a larger open-air dance floor set up like a kind of hothouse for the locals. Sometimes a giggle of unescorted misses will come in and sit and sip waiting for someone to ask them to dance, but it's wiser to come with a friend already in hand. Whisky à GoGo closes down with the dawn.

Should you be the gambling sort, step right up to the Casino by the port. All the delights of Las Vegas are available excepting the one-armed bandits. Remember to bring your passport, though, or the watchdogs won't let you in. Once you've gained entree, you'll see gents like Darryl Zanuck and Jack Warner manipulating the big money.

If you have a friend in tow and things are humming along nicely, you might take a long drive to the east or west of Cannes, park above the sea, listen to the soft slap of the breakers and enjoy the beauty of a Mediterranean night. Dawn, which comes around five, is a pretty nice sight in that part of the world, and if you're still feeling fit, you might go for a foamy *café au lait*, fresh eggs and ham at Félix' down by the Carlton before calling it quits.

(In all of the hotels, incidentally, should you return from an evening friendless, the concierge will be happy to send up a local wench to your room; these matters are treated with a matter-of-fact French sophistication here.)

When the last reel of the last film has been shown, when the last hopeful starlet has departed with a last hopeful wiggle of her hips, you'll sigh a deep sigh of satisfaction, for you will have come to the end of what must most certainly have been a near perfect two weeks, in which you gratified every sense—esthetic and earthy, spiritual and animal. And you'll find yourself left with only one question concerning the Cannes Film Festival: Why doesn't it continue all year long?

LIFE OF SPICE

(continued from page 40)

the butter melts, add the parsley, tarragon and paprika. Stir well. Add the meat. Sauté, stirring constantly, until meat loses its red color. Add the mushroom gravy, tomato juice, water, onion juice and garlic powder. Simmer, covered, from fifteen to twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Add salt and pepper if desired. Serve with buttered noodles or rice. For buffet eaters this is one of those dishes that can be handled on the lap without the hazards of a knife.

SWISS FONDUE
(About one pint)

1 lb. processed Swiss cheese
¼ cup Rhine wine
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon dried dill weed (not seed)
¼ teaspoon celery salt
dash cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons kirsch

Fondue is always eaten community fashion from a chafing dish or fondue dish. Each guest spears a chunk of bread with the end of a long-handled fork, twirls the bread in the melted cheese until thickly coated, and then transports it to his mouth without ceremony.

Cut the cheese into ½-in. cubes (or squares if the cheese is sliced). If the processed cheese is used instead of the regular holey Swiss cheese, you'll be less likely to encounter those tough strings that tend to form when cheese is heated. Pour the wine into a chafing dish or fondue dish. When the wine is hot, add the garlic powder, Worcestershire sauce, dried dill weed, celery salt and cayenne pepper. Stir well to blend all ingredients thoroughly. Add the cheese, and cook, stirring frequently, until cheese melts. Add the kirsch. Keep the flame as low as possible, and begin dunking.

COFFEE WITH CARDAMOM
(Four demitasse cups)

2 cups (regular coffee-cup size) strong coffee
4 cardamom pods
¼ cup cognac
2 tablespoons curaçao
4 lumps sugar

Crack the cardamom pods and remove the dark inner seeds. Put the cardamom seeds, cognac, curaçao and sugar in a chafing dish. Heat gently. When the liquor is hot, set it aflame. Let it blaze for about ten seconds. Pour the coffee over the liquor. Stir well. Bring the coffee up to the boiling point, but do not boil. Pour into demitasse cups. From canapés to coffee, your guests will agree that a good time was had by all.

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MAY-DECEMBER MADNESS

(continued from page 46)

be much less bored. There you have it."

"I like the idea very well," Dominique replies. And, a couple of chapters later we find them in Cannes, happily enjoying the facilities of a no-questions-asked hotel. With an ear to the paper-thin wall of page 88 in our mauve-pink reprint, we hear Uncle's slow voice urging her to: " 'Take off those pajamas, sally. You'll rumple them. How can you be cold on a night like this? Are you ill?' "

Luckily for Luc, she isn't. She is simply much less bored. As "the literary heroine of two continents" reports from inside Dominique: "He took me in his arms, carefully removed my pajamas, rolled them up in a ball and threw them on the floor. I remarked that they would be rumpled, just the same. He began to laugh gently. All his gestures were incredibly gentle. Deliberately he kissed my mouth and shoulders, and went right on talking

" 'You smell of warm grass. Do you like this room? Otherwise we'll go somewhere else. Cannes is a rather pleasant place. . . .'

'I answered 'Yes, yes,' in a strangled voice, wishing it were tomorrow morning. It was only when he drew away from me a little and put his hand on my hip that I began to feel stirred. He caressed me, and I kissed his neck, his body, everything I could touch of this shadow profiled against the nocturnal sky. Finally he . . . "

But, *zut alors!* There goes our telephone! What a time for Paulette to call, just to inquire if we have found the top to her bikini! It is over a week, she reminds us, and her presence on the beach has caused four drownings. The manager — beast of a man — approaches her in the halls with proper suggestions! Please to look again. She is embarrass!

Poor Paulette!

Poor, poor Dominique! Her holiday is too soon over

Having introduced her to the sea, the day finally comes when Uncle Luc has to go home to his wife, and Dominique to Paris. " 'I took to long walks," she tells us, "and to thinking with detachment and a very vague interest of the coming academic year. Perhaps I might find something to study that was better suited to me than law, since Luc had promised to introduce me to one of his friends who was a newspaper editor. . . . "

It is with a certain smile that we can already detect in her a certain literary bent — journalism now, perhaps, and the writing of best-sellers later. At nineteen, say, when she has had time to develop and mature.

One thing is for sure. The time she spent with Luc has not been wasted, since an affair with an Older Man would seem every bit as essential to a girl's writing success as the ability to type with two fingers and understand the first three pages of Strunk's *Elements of Style* — more, in fact. Some girls have been known to skip Strunk altogether, while others have written quite successfully in eyebrow pencil on bits of old Kleenex. But few have managed to get by without doing a little significant sack duty with a man in his middle years.

Occasionally the Older Man and the career overlap, as in the case of Allison MacKenzie, the budding young novelist in *Peyton Place* and *Return to Peyton Place*, who was fortunate in being able to serve her literary apprenticeship under her agent, Bradley Holmes. This is by far the most sensible and convenient method. At least, in the opinion of most middle-aged literary agents.

Bradley, of course, was eminently qualified, we learned in *Peyton Place*: "forty years old, dark haired and powerfully built." His office "was full of light and warmth the morning when Allison went there for the first time, and it smelled of expensive carpeting, and crushed cigarette ends, and of books in leather bindings.

" 'Sit down, Miss MacKenzie,' said Bradley Holmes. 'I must confess that I am rather surprised. I hadn't expected someone so young.'

"Young was a word which Brad used often, in one form or another, in all his conversations with Allison

" 'I am so much older,' he would say.

"Or: 'I've lived so much longer.'

"Or: 'You have a surprisingly discerning eye, for one so young.'

"And many, many times, he said, 'Here is a charming young man whom I think you will enjoy.' "

Allison, however, was having none of that bop. She had already met an older man whom she *knew* she would enjoy, and his initials were Bradley Holmes. For the benefit of those who only saw the movie, we had best explain that their relationship didn't begin to approach a climax until the day Allison finished her first novel

" . . . It was eight forty in the morning and she had been up all night writing and at last she wrote the two beautiful words THE END. She arched her neck and moved her shoulders, feeling the pain of weariness and strain, and then she glanced at the clock and lit a cigarette. It was almost nine o'clock and she could call Bradley Holmes at his office

" 'Oh, Brad,' she said as soon as she heard his voice, 'I'm finished with it.'

" 'Wonderful!' he said. 'Why don't you bring it around on Monday?'

" 'On Monday!' cried Allison. 'But Brad, I thought we could have dinner and read it over together later.'

" 'That would be nice,' Brad had said, 'but I'm leaving early this afternoon to go up to Connecticut.'

" 'Oh?' Allison asked. 'Are you going alone?'

" 'Yes.'

' Brad.' Allison was silent for what seemed a long moment. 'Brad?'

' Yes?'

' Take me with you.'

' He was silent for a long time in his turn. 'All right,' he said at last 'I'll pick you up at about four.'

" 'I'll be ready.'

" 'And Allison.'

" Yes, Brad?

" 'Leave the manuscript at home. We can talk it over if you like, but I've had a helluva hard week. I'd like to rest this weekend.' "

As might be expected, it turned out to be a helluva hard weekend, and old Brad didn't get much rest, but the change probably did them both a lot of good. Alone in the wilds of the Nutmeg State, it wasn't long before Uncle Bradley was helping Allison off with her maidenhood, while the rocky glens of Fairfield softly echoed her "moaning, animal sounds" and "odd, mingled cry of pain and pleasure."

"By Sunday morning she had been able to walk nude in front of Brad, and feel his eyes probing her, without feeling either shame or fear. She had arched her back, and lifted her heavy hair off her neck, and pressed her breasts against his face, and gloried in his swift reaction to her."

By Sunday night, her reaction to Bradley was equally swift when, driving back to New York, he let it drop that he was married and had two non Polynesian offspring. From the description in the book, we gather that the poor kid felt as if she had just been pushed into the pool with all her clothes on. But by the time we reached those "two beautiful words, THE END," we had a sneaking suspicion that Allison was somehow going to work that weekend into the closing chapters of a pretty sensational best-seller, someday. And old Uncle Brad would be on hand to negotiate the movie sale.

It's a similar kettle of sure fire seduction when the Older Man happens to be a writer and his little snookums aspires to be nothing more than a lay reader. This variation, labeled the "September Song Switch" on my Howey Doody Plot Wheel, is generally used by male novelists, and is characterized by the Older Man's efforts to keep cool and hold Baby off at book length. While the story elements probably date back to some early cuneiform Rock-of-the-Month-Club selection, the classic example in the pre-Sagan, post-Toasties era is undoubtedly Aldous Huxley's brave old-world novella, *After the Fireworks*.

" 'Take me, Miles.' " pants young Pamela Tarn, when she at last succeeds in pinning Miles Fanning, the frightfully urbane novelist, against the back seat of a Roman cab. " 'Take me. If you want me. . . '

'Fanning tried to protest, to disengage himself, gently, from her embrace.

But I want you to take me, Miles,' she insisted. 'I want you. . . .' She kissed him again, she pressed herself against his hard body. 'I want you, Miles. Even if it is stupid and mad,' she added in another little spurt of desperation, making answer to the expression on his face to the words she wouldn't permit him to utter. 'And it isn't. I mean, love isn't stupid or mad. And even if it were, I don't care. Yes, I want to be stupid and mad. Even if it were to kill me. So take me, Miles.' She kissed him again. 'Take me.'

Though Fanning manages to hold out for a few more pages, and tries to write her a letter in which he reminds her of 'what a terrible army with banners" she is, with her eyes, her laughter, and her "impertinent breasts" though he begs her to consider the thirty-year difference in their ages — Pamela pursues him with the single-minded frenzy of a sex-mad fox fighting its way upstream to spawn, and the inevitable finally happens.

" 'There, sit down,' came his voice. She obeyed; a low divan received her. 'Lean back.' She let herself fall onto pillows. . . '

In the three decades since Miles Fanning first joined Pamela Tarn between the hard covers of *Brief Candles*, a regular Rotary of middle-aged gents has huffed and puffed through forests of printed wood pulp with a posse of other impassioned young things hot on their well worn tails. But in this wondrous jet age of smooth-working zippers and quick-cooking wild oats, events happen much more rapidly. Consider, for instance, the speed with which Andy Wells abandons the struggle to Sally Pierce, the blonde and blue-eyed Radcliffe girl, in Hollis Alpert's rundown on the same thermal theme: *The Summer Lovers*.

" 'Andy,' she said, keeping her face close to his. 'Please kiss me. I've never been kissed in the fog.'

" 'Is this an experiment?' he asked.

" 'No.' she said her voice breathless. 'We're off limits, but kiss me.'

" 'I don't understand,' he said, a little breathless himself, and put his fingers under her chin, making her look at him and kissed her forehead.

" 'Is that the way you kiss?' she asked.

" 'No,' he said suddenly giving up whatever the struggle was with himself he had been engaged in, and with the release of a kind of tension feeling lightheaded and happy. He felt her face against his, and he was delighted to have it there, so close to him. Her lips slackened and went open. It was a youthful kiss, full of yearnings, and it reminded him of sessions long ago in parked cars."

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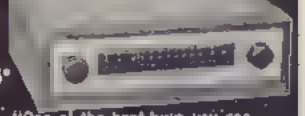

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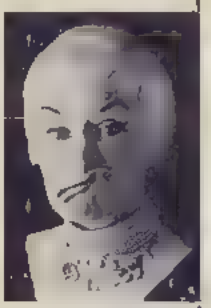

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revealing novel of what goes on among the sophisticated elite at a fashionable summer colony," Sally is whispering, "Do that, do that," and they break out of her little blue Austin-Healey to set up an impromptu beach party.

"'Tell me one thing,' he said. 'Are you a virgin?'

"'Not really.'

"'What does that mean?'

"'It means I'm not really a virgin. Please don't wait any longer, Andy. I want this to happen.'

"'You're absolutely sure?'

"'Yes, I'm sure. Please, Andy.'

"Then, whatever she was saying became incoherent, and he wondered if the sounds she made were sounds of sobbing. Through it all it seemed to him his mind remained brilliantly clear, as though every second of it must be remembered for a long time to come.

"'Yes,' she sighed, 'yes.'

'An astonishingly sexy little girl, he thought, as he shook the sand out of the blanket and methodically folded it. He brushed sand from his clothes, and saw Sally doing the same to her skirt. They walked back to the car, their arms around each other.

"'Are you all right?' he asked.

"'Yes, I'm fine.'

"'Are you sure you wanted this to happen?'

"'Yes, I did,' she said. 'Now I feel much, much better. . . .'"

I felt pretty OK, too, as I got up and shook the sand out of my swimming trunks. Because, truth to tell, I happened to be reading *The Summer Lovers* on the very same beach where Sally had finally convinced old Andy that she wanted this to happen.

It was a sunny Tuesday afternoon, and there were no little blue Austin-Healeys around, but the quaint old Long Island resort town was identical with the one the author had so flimsily disguised under the unlikely name of East Nines.

To me it had always been Fights Hampton, and I had been summering in the next village for less years than I now care to count. "Hot Beaches, Pounding Surf, Crowded, Passionate Nights," was the way the book blurb put it. And if my nights hadn't been exactly swarming with off-limit Radcliffe girls, I figured it must be because of my lingering youthfulness.

Literarywise, I felt I might make it. While I wasn't writing a book, like Andy Wells or Miles Fanning, I had done a bit of scribbling in my time, and was two years behind in my dues to the Authors Guild. Surely that must count for something, I reasoned. If I wasn't eligible for an Austin-Healey and a sandy blanket, I should at least qualify for a Simca and a damp beach towel — if I could only lick the age element.

I was seriously considering drawing a

few wrinkles on my face and touching my hair up with shoe-white, when, much to my delight, I espied the silvery glint of three gray temple hairs in my shaving mirror one morning! Here, at last, was my passport to what *Time* had so temptingly described as "Sun, Sea, Sand, Susceptibility . . . Hot Days and Perfervid Nights!"

Humming the original-cast album of *Gigi* with a Chevalier accent, I tossed my Library copy of Huxley in the back seat and headed for Eights Hampton—ostensibly to return the book, but actually to alert the younger set to my new-found maturity with a long walk down Main Street.

Swinging into the parking lot behind the supermarket where the sophisticated elite of this fashionable summer colony came to trade in their empty tonic bottles and squeeze the hell out of tomatoes and melons, I could sense all about me the presence of "women whose only standard is their sexual power over men, and men who yield too readily to the drugged atmosphere of heat and luxury and idleness."

As I cut across the perfervid pavement toward the street, a heat-drugged sybarite in black Bermuda shorts and red, high-rise socks brushed gaily by, arm in arm with a feckless young thing who couldn't have been a day over fifty-eight. Sleek-hipped young matrons with flashing eyes nasally implored Steephen to share his Tootsie Roll with little Barbara. A bearded artist type bearing a small box of Fig Newtons stalked a semi-abstract brunette carrying a Rinso carton loaded with chocolate milk, Fritos, hamburger buns, pink toilet tissue, charcoal briquets and a copy of *TV Guide*. Through it all my mind remained brilliantly clear, as though every second of it must be remembered for a long time to come.

And then I saw her—a bronze-limbed blonde in pale-green shorts and a bulky-knit cardigan that could scarcely conceal the impertinence of her young figure. She was standing in the doorway of the lighting company, and when our eyes met, her lips slackened and went open in a yawn. It was a youthful yawn, full of yearnings, and reminded me of sessions long ago in parked cars.

"Say, hey," she said with an odd, mingled cry, as I came abreast of her with tilted temple and an interesting Herbert Marshall limp. "Would you like to take a chance?"

"In an Austin Healey?" I asked in a slow voice.

"No, on a new Pontiac," she added in a sudden spurt of desperation, making answer to the expression on my face, to the words she wouldn't permit me to utter. "A real ginchy little four-door. With radio and heater."

"I don't understand," I said. "Is this an experiment?"

"No, silly, it's a raffle!" she said, pressing the book of tickets in my face and glorying in my swift reaction. "Take one. Please, take one! I know you think it's stupid and mad, but it isn't. Not really. It's for the Elks Club. Please, take one. I only have two left. Take one. Please?"

"Tell me one thing," I said. "Are you an Elk?"

"Not really."

"What does that mean?"

"It means I'm not really an Elk. Take one. Please? I've almost finished the book."

"Wonderful!" I said. "Why don't you bring it around on Monday, and we can talk it over. I've had a helluva hard week."

"On Monday!" she cried. "Monday will be too late. Please don't wait any longer."

"I'm so much older," I reminded her, suddenly giving up whatever the struggle was with myself I had been engaged in, and with the release of a kind of tension feeling lightheaded and happy. "Are you sure you want this to happen?"

"Sure, I'm sure. Please, huh?"

I began to laugh gently. All my movements were incredibly gentle. I relieved her of her chance book and carefully removed the cap from her pen, and went right on talking.

"You smell of hot beaches and pounding surf. Do you like this town? Otherwise we'll go someplace else. Patchogue is a rather pleasant place. . . ."

Then, whatever she was saying became incoherent, and I wondered if the sounds she made were the sounds of swearing.

"Yes," she sighed, "yes."

An astonishingly businesslike little girl, I thought, as I shook some ink out of the nib and methodically wrote my name and address. I brushed a few blots from my clothes, and saw that she was doing the same to her shorts. Then she collected a buck from me, rumpled it into a ball, and walked back to her car.

"Are you all right?" I asked, as she climbed in and slammed the door.

"Yes, I'm fine."

I was silent for what seemed a long moment.

"I'm leaving early this afternoon to go up to Connecticut," I said, a little breathlessly. "Alone."

"I can believe it," she said, as the motor turned over with a moaning, animal sound. "It makes me feel much, much better!"

The library was full of light and warmth. The librarian had a large voice and slow hands. She smelled of warm books and inexpensive carpeting. In the space of a split second I thought to myself: "I like her. She's a bit old, and I like her."

Wandering through the stacks, pondering a choice between *Black Beauty* and *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, I began thinking with detachment and a very vague interest of the coming tax year. Perhaps I might find something that was better suited to me than writing. My agent had promised to introduce me to one of his friends who was looking for someone to play piano in a warehouse. . . . Or *was* it a warehouse? No matter. I still had several years to wait before I could start collecting my Old Age Benefits, and playing piano might help to pass the time. Those warehouse cats might really dig me, and I'd be much less bored. . . .

"Don't tell me you're going to be a nagging wife, Myrtle."

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I REMEMBER BABYLON

(continued from page 73)

Ever since I lost an eardrum while pearl diving on the Great Barrier Reef, I've been at a considerable disadvantage at functions of this kind the surface noise is about 6 db too much for me to cope with. And this is no small handicap, when being introduced to people with names like Dharmasirawardene Fissaverasinghe, Goonetilleke and Jayawickrame. When I'm not raiding the buffet, therefore, I usually look for a pool of relative quiet where there's a chance of following more than fifty percent, of any conversation in which I may get involved. I was standing in the acoustic shadow of a large ornamental pillar, surveying the scene in my detached or Somerset Maugham manner when I noticed that someone was looking at me with that "Haven't we met before?" expression.

I'll describe him with some care, because there must be many people who can identify him. He was in the mid thirties, and I guessed he was American. he had that well-scrubbed crew-cut man about Rockefeller Center look that used to be a hallmark until the younger Russian diplomats and technical advisers started imitating it so successfully. He was about six feet in height with shrewd brown eyes and black hair, prematurely gray at the sides. Though I was fairly certain we'd never met before his face reminded me of someone. It took me a couple of days to work it out: remember John Garfield? That's who it was, as near as makes no difference.

When a stranger catches my eye at a party, my standard operating procedure goes into action automatically. If he seems a pleasant enough person, but I don't feel like introductions at the moment I give him the Neutral Scan letting my eyes sweep past him without a flicker of recognition yet without positive unfriendliness. If he looks a creep he receives the coup d'oeil, which consists of a long, disbelieving stare followed by an unhurried view of the back of my neck, in extreme cases, an expression of revulsion may be switched on for a few milliseconds. The message usually gets across.

But this character seemed interesting, and I was getting bored, so I gave him the Affable Nod. A few minutes later he drifted through the crowd and I aimed my good ear toward him.

"Hello," he said (yes, he *was* American), "my name's Gene Hartford. I'm sure we've met somewhere."

"Quite likely," I answered. "I've spent a good deal of time in the States. I'm Arthur Clarke."

Usually that produces a blank start but sometimes it doesn't. I could almost see the IBM cards flickering behind those hard brown eyes, and was flattered by the brevity of his access time.

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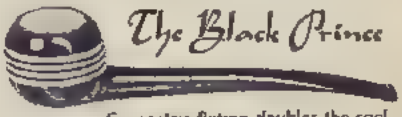

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"The science writer?"

"Correct."

"Well, this is fantastic." He seemed genuinely astonished. "Now I know where I've seen you. I was in the studio once, when you were on the Dave Garroway show."

(This lead may be worth following up, though I doubt it; and I'm sure that "Gene Hartford" was phony — it was too smoothly synthetic.)

"So you're in TV?" I said. "What are you doing here — collecting material, or just on vacation?"

He gave me the frank, friendly smile of a man who has plenty to hide.

"Oh, I'm keeping my eyes open. But this really is amazing: I read your *Exploration of Space* when it came out, back in, ah — "

"1952: the Book-of-the-Month Club's never been quite the same since."

All this time I had been sizing him up, and though there was something about him I didn't like, I was unable to pin it down. In any case, I was prepared to make substantial allowances for someone who had read my books and was also in TV. Mike and I are always on the lookout for markets for our underwater movies. But that, to put it mildly, was not Hartford's line of business.

"Look," he said eagerly, "I've a big network deal cooking that will interest you — in fact, *you* helped to give me the idea."

This sounded promising, and my coefficient of cupidity jumped several points.

"I'm glad to hear it. What's the general theme?"

"I can't talk about it here, but could we meet at my hotel, around three tomorrow?"

"Let me check my diary; yes, that's OK."

There are only two hotels in Colombo patronized by Americans, and I guessed right first time. He was at the Mount Lavinia, and though you may not know it, you've seen the place where we had our private chat. Around the middle of *The Bridge on the River Kwai* there's a brief scene at a military hospital, where Jack Hawkins meets a nurse and asks her where he can find Bill Holden. We have a soft spot for this episode, because Mike was one of the convalescent naval officers in the background. If you look smartly you'll see him on the extreme right board in full profile, signing Sam Spiegel's name to his sixth round of banchits. As the picture turned out, Sam could afford it.

It was here, on this diminutive plateau high above the miles of palm-fringed beach, that Gene Hartford started to unload — and my simple hopes of financial advantage started to evaporate. What his exact motives were, if indeed he knew them himself, I'm still uncertain. Surprise at meeting me, and a twisted feeling of gratitude (which I

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would gladly have done without) undoubtedly played a part, and for all his air of confidence he must have been a bitter, lonely man who desperately needed approval and friendship.

He got neither from me. I have always had a sneaking sympathy for Benedict Arnold, as must anyone who knows the full facts of the case. But Arnold merely betrayed his country; no one before Hartford ever tried to seduce it.

What dissolved my dream of dollars was the news that Hartford's connection with American TV had been severed, somewhat violently, in the early Fifties. It was clear that he'd been bounced out of Madison Avenue for Party-lining, and it was equally clear that his was one case where no grave injustice had been done. Though he talked with a certain controlled fury of his fight against asinine censorship, and wept for a brilliant—but unnamed—cultural series he'd had kicked off the air, by this time I was beginning to smell so many rats that my rephes were distinctly guarded. Yet as my pecuniary interest in Mr. Hartford diminished, so my personal curiosity increased. Who *was* behind him? Surely not the BBC. . .

He got round to it at last, when he'd worked the self-pity out of his system.

"I've some news that will make you sit up," he said smugly. "The American networks are soon going to have some real competition. And it will be done just the way you predicted, the people who sent a TV transmitter behind the Moon can put a much bigger one in orbit round the Earth."

"Good for them," I said cautiously. "I'm all in favor of healthy competition. When's the launching date?"

"Any moment now. The first transmitter will be parked due south of New Orleans—on the equator, of course. That puts it way out in the open Pacific; it won't be over anyone's territory, so there'll be no political complications on that score. Yet it will be sitting up there in the sky in full view of everybody from Seattle to Key West. Think of it—the only TV station the whole United States can tune into! Yes, even Hiram! There won't be any way of jamming it; for the first time, there'll be a clear channel into every American home. And J. Edgar's Boy Scouts can't do a thing to block it."

So that's your little racket, I thought; at least you're being frank. Long ago I learned not to argue with Marxists and Flat Earthers, but if Hartford was telling the truth I wanted to pump him for all he was worth.

"Before you get too enthusiastic," I said, "there are a few points you may have overlooked."

"Such as?"

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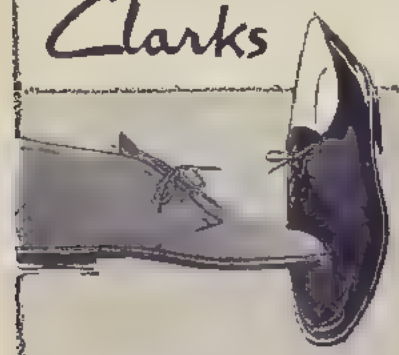

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ect. Whatever Russia does to the States in the propaganda line, she'll get back with compound interest."

Hartford grinned mirthlessly.

"Really, Clarke!" he said (I was glad he hadn't first-named me). "I'm a little disappointed. Surely you know that the States is years behind in payload capacity! And do you imagine that the old T-3 is Russia's last word?"

It was at this moment that I began to take him very seriously. He was perfectly right. The T-3 could inject at least five times the payload of any American missile into that critical 22,000-mile orbit—the only one that would deliver a satellite apparently fixed above the Earth. And by the time the U.S. could match that performance, heaven knows where the Russians would be. Yes, Heaven certainly *would* know.

"All right," I conceded. "But why should fifty million American homes start switching channels just as soon as they can tune into Moscow? I admire the Russian people, but their entertainment is worse than their politics. After the Bolshoi, what have you? And for me, a little ballet goes a long, long way."

Once again I was treated to that peculiarly humorless smile. Hartford had been saving up his Sunday punch, and now he let me have it.

"You were the one who brought in the Russians," he said. "They're involved, sure—but only as contractors. The independent agency I'm working for is hiring their services."

"That," I remarked dryly, "must be some agency."

"It is: just about the biggest. Even though the States tries to pretend it doesn't exist."

"Oh," I said, rather stupidly. "So *that's* your sponsor."

I'd heard those rumors that the U.S.S.R. was going to launch satellites for the Chinese, now it began to look as if the rumors fell far short of the truth. But now far short, I'd still no conception.

"You are so right," continued Hartford, obviously enjoying himself, "about Russian entertainment. After the initial novelty, the Nielsen rating would drop to zero. But not with the programs I'm planning. My job is to find material that will put everyone else out of business when it goes on the air. You think it can't be done? Finish that drink and come up to my room. I've a highbrow movie about ecclesiastical art that I'd like to show you."

Well, he wasn't crazy, though for a few minutes I wondered. I could think of few titles more carefully calculated to make the viewer switch channels than the one that flashed on the screen: ASPECTS OF THIRTEENTH CENTURY TANTRIC SCULPTURE.

"Don't be alarmed," Hartford chuckled, above the whir of the projector. "That title saves me having trouble with

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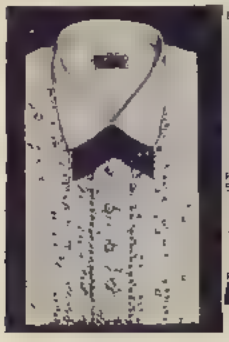

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We've set aside a limited quantity of these imported briar beauties as Demonstrators. The bowls are "slight seconds" taken out of the regular production line before final smoothing and polishing, but they're guaranteed to smoke exactly like our regular top quality $2.95 model.

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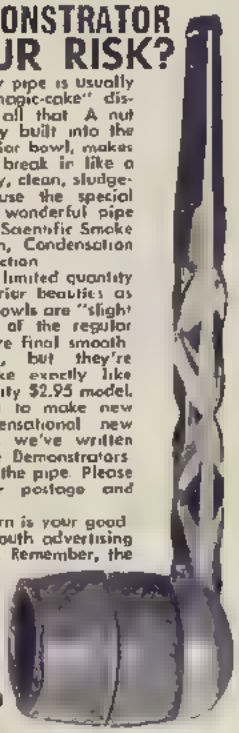

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inquisitive Customs inspectors. It's perfectly accurate, but we'll change it to something with a bigger box-office appeal when the time comes."

A couple of hundred feet later, after some innocuous architectural long-shots, I saw what he meant . .

You may know that there are certain temples in India, covered with superbly executed carvings of a kind that we in the west scarcely associate with religion. To say that they are frank is a laughable understatement, they leave nothing to the imagination – *any* imagination. Yet at the same time they are genuine works of art. And so was Hartford's movie

It had been shot, in case you're interested, at the Temple of the Sun Konarak "An awkward place to reach," Hartford told me, "but decidedly worth the trouble." I've since looked it up; it's on the Orissa coast about twenty five miles northeast of Puri. The reference books are pretty mealy-mouthed; some apologize for the "obvious" impossibility of providing illustrations, but Percy Brown's *Indian Architecture* minces no words. The carvings, it says primly, are of "a shamelessly erotic character that have no parallel in any known building." A sweeping claim, but I can believe it after seeing that movie

Camera work and editing were brilliant, the ancient stones coming to life beneath the roving lens There were breath-taking time-lapse shots as the rising sun chased the shadows from bodies intertwined in ecstasy; sudden startling close-ups of scenes which at first the mind refused to recognize, soft focus studies of stone shaped by a master's hand in all the fantasies and aberrations of love; restless zooms and pans whose meaning eluded the eye until they froze into patterns of timeless desire, eternal fulfillment. The music – mostly percussion, with a thin, high thread of sound from some stringed instrument that I could not identify perfectly fitted the tempo of the cutting. At one moment it would be languorously slow like the opening bars of Debussy's *l'Apres-midi*; then the drums would swiftly work themselves up to a frenzied, almost unendurable climax. The art of the ancient sculptors, and the skill of the modern cameraman, had combined across the centuries to create a poem of rapture, an orgasm on celluloid which I would defy any man to watch unmoved

There was a long silence when the screen flooded with light and the lascivious music ebbed into exhaustion.

"My God!" I said, when I had recovered some of my composure. "Are you going to telecast *that*?"

Hartford laughed.

'Believe me," he answered, "that's nothing: it just happens to be the only reel I can carry round safely. We're pre

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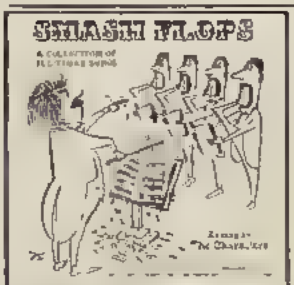

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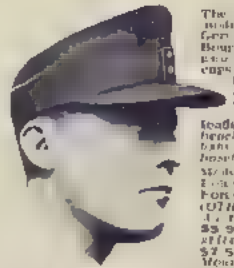

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pared to defend it any day on grounds of genuine art, historic interest, religious tolerance – oh, we've thought of all the angles. But it doesn't really matter: no one can stop us. For the first time in history, any form of censorship's become utterly impossible. There's simply no way of enforcing it: the customer can get what he wants, right in his own home. Lock the door, switch on the TV set to our – dare I call it our blue network? – and settle back. Friends and family will never know."

"Very clever," I said, "but don't you think such a diet will soon pall?"

"Of course; variety is the spice of life. We'll have plenty of conventional entertainment: let *me* worry about that. And every so often we'll have information programs – I hate that word propaganda – to tell the cloistered American public what's really happening in the world. Our special features will just be the bait."

"Mind if I have some fresh air?" I said. "It's getting stuffy in here."

Hartford drew the curtains and let daylight back into the room. Below us lay that long curve of beach with the outrigger fishing boats drawn up beneath the palms, and the little waves falling in foam at the end of their weary march from Africa. One of the loveliest sights in the world, but I couldn't focus on it now. I was still seeing those writhing stone limbs, those faces frozen with passions which the centuries could not slake.

That slick voice continued behind my back.

"You'd be astonished if you knew just how much material there is. Remember, we've absolutely no taboos. If you can film it, we can telecast it."

He walked over to his bureau and picked up a heavy, dog-eared volume.

"This has been my bible," he said, "or my Sears, Roebuck, if you prefer. Without it, I'd never have sold the series to my sponsors. They're great believers in science, and they swallowed the whole thing, down to the last decimal point. Recognize it?"

I nodded, whenever I enter a room, I always monitor my host's literary tastes.

"Dr. Kinsey, I presume."

"I guess I'm the only man who's read it from cover to cover, and not just looked up his own vital statistics. You see, it's the only piece of market research in its field. Until something better comes along, we're making the most of it. It tells us what the customer wants, and we're going to supply it."

"*All* of it? Some people have odd tastes."

"That's the beauty of the movie you just saw – it appeals to just about every taste."

"You can say that again," I muttered.

He saw that I was beginning to get bored; there are some kinds of single-mindedness that I find depressing. But I had done Hartford an injustice, as he hastened to prove.

"Please don't think," he said anxiously, "that sex is our only weapon. Exposé is almost as good. Ever see the job Ed Murrow did on the late sainted Joe McCarthy? That was milk and water compared with the profiles we're planning in *Washington Confidential*.

"And there's our *Can You Take It?* series, designed to separate the men from the milksops. We'll issue so many advance warnings that every red-blooded American will feel he has to watch the show. It will start innocently enough, on ground nicely prepared by Hemingway. You'll see some bullfighting sequences that will really lift you out of your seat – or send you running to the bathroom – because they show all the little details you never get in those cleaned-up Hollywood movies.

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*3

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232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

but by now you'll have the general picture. The Avenue thinks it knows all about Hidden Persuasion — believe me, it doesn't. The world's best *practical* psychologists are in the east these days. Remember Korea, and brainwashing? We've learned a lot since then. There's no need for violence any more; people enjoy being brainwashed, if you set about it the right way."

"And you," I said, "are going to brainwash the United States. Quite an order."

"Exactly — and the country will love it, despite all the screams from Congress and the churches. Not to mention the networks, of course. They'll make the biggest fuss of all, when they find they can't compete with us."

Hartford glanced at his watch, and gave a whistle of alarm.

"Time to start packing," he said. "I've got to be at that unpronounceable airport of yours by six. There's no chance, I suppose, that you can fly over to Macao and see us sometime?"

Not a hope; but I've got a pretty good idea of the picture now. And incidentally, aren't you afraid that I'll spill the beans?"

"Why should I be? The more publicity you can give us, the better. Although our advertising campaign doesn't go into top gear for a few months yet, I feel you've earned this advance notice. As I said, your books helped to give me the idea."

His gratitude was quite genuine, by God it left me completely speechless.

"Nothing can stop us," he declared and for the first time the fanaticism that lurked behind that smooth, cynical façade was not altogether under control. "History is on our side. We'll be using America's own decadence as a weapon against her, and it's a weapon for which there's no defense. The Air Force won't attempt space piracy by shooting down a satellite nowhere near American territory. The FCC can't even protest to a country that doesn't exist in the eyes of the State Department. If you've any other suggestions, I'd be most interested to hear them."

I had none then and I have none now. Perhaps these words may give some brief warning before the first teasing advertisements appear in the trade papers, and may start stirrings of elephantine alarm among the networks. But will it make any difference? Hartford did not think so, and he may be right.

"History is on our side." I cannot get those words out of my head. Land of Lincoln and Franklin and Melville, I love you and I wish you well. But into my heart blows a cold wind from the past, for I remember Babylon.

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NEW TOWN CAR

(continued from page 81)

speed and power. It's priced at $2320, measures 153 inches and produces 65 horsepower. There's a standard shift only, no automatics available. This is a handsome little car, nicely finished inside and out, and lively in performance.

SAAB stands for Svenska Aeroplan Aktiebolaget, a firm specializing in aircraft production. Svenska Aeroplan AB makes the Draken fighter, one of the best single seater jets flying today, and the company makes three versions of the SAAB automobile: a sedan, a *gran turismo* sedan and a station wagon. The sedan goes for $1895 and has a three-cylinder two-stroke engine similar to the DKW's. The SAAB is a wind-tunnel car, and hence quiet at high speed; it has a front wheel drive, with consequent benefit in snow and ice, plus remarkable road adhesion coupled with mechanical sturdiness. It also offers as option the only over-the-shoulder seat belts available today. Over-the-shoulder belts are the only sensible kind, and one enterprising fellow rolled a SAAB five times and walked away from it because he was strapped down. The Gran Turismo 750 model, designed for fast point-to-point driving, rallies and competition, costs a brisk $2560.

The Simca Aronde has at least one accessory not found on too many other cars: a town and-country horn, soft and loud. (Heater and windshield washer come with it, too, for $1745.) It stands 164 inches and puts about 50 horsepower through a standard transmission. The Simca line is handled by Chrysler in this country.

Two British town cars that offer overdrive as an option are the Singer and the Sunbeam Rapier, at $2349 and $2499. They're the same size — 163 inches — but the Singer offers 60 horsepower the Sunbeam 73. The Singer price quoted is for the convertible. Sunbeam also has a convertible, but the rear seats are of the type the British call "occasional," which means that they're likely to be quite comfortable for children up to the age of eight.

Taunus sounds exotic but it's really a Ford made in West Germany. It sells here for $2120, is in the medium size bracket of 172 inches and produces 67 horsepower. You can have it with an automatic clutch, too.

Vauxhall is another General Motors protégé, a steady, well-made, good looking 169-inch car with a 55-horsepower engine and a standard transmission. It costs $1958 and looks Detroity.

The Volvo — that's Latin for "I roll along" in case you'd forgotten — is made in Sweden and also looks Detroity, but ten-year-old Detroity. However, a new and better-looking model is on the way. The Volvo is something of a phenomenon: its engine produces an astonishing amount of power per square inch of capacity and is also apparently unbreakable, although these two things are usually considered to be mutually irreconcilable. One hears of Volvo engines being run to 7000 rpm in races with no apparent harm done. When small-sedan races are held, Volvos and SAABs usually split the first five or six places. The car costs $2240, is 176 inches big and puts out 87 horsepower. Transmission is standard, but three or four speed gear boxes are available at option. Wise men take the four. It costs no more. In Sweden the factory will insure the car for you for free, too.

Then there's the Volkswagen, at $1655 and 160 inches. This is the most popular small car in the world, designed more than twenty years ago by one of the most generously gifted of automobile designers, Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, and first brought to the attention of the world as the "People's Car" of the Thousand-Year Reich. The VW is designed to run for 100,000 miles without trouble, and many of them do, although probably most belong to Europeans who understand what maintenance means. Two factors play heavy parts in the VW's longevity: body styling that changes almost not at all, and an engine purposely restricted by design so that it cannot be made to run too fast. A prettier, and more expensive, version of the VW, with an Italian body, is the Karmann-Ghia, but it's really only a two-seater.

Two small British four-seaters are: the Triumph sedan by the producers of the famed TR-3 two-seater, at $1995, and the Morris Minor 1000 convertible at $1760. The Minor is one of the best-handling small cars in the world. A gentleman of my acquaintance who knows as much about sports cars as anyone in the world, and who can afford anything he likes, drove a supercharged Morris Minor back and forth to work for many months in preference to any one of the other fifty-odd cars in his garage. The Minor measures 148 inches, a bit bigger than the competing Austin A40 at 144 and $1795.

• • •

Now, what of the hacks, the four-passenger, get-around-town small cars? In the first place, we're using the word "hack" in the old and honorable sense: a gentleman's conveyance meant primarily for utility. "The station hack" was what the blood of the Nineties told the coachman to bring around from the carriage house when he had short haul errands to do. And there's nothing that says a hack can't be used for longer trips. It certainly can. It won't be as fast and it won't be as comfortable, but it will go there and come back and you'll make a little money on gasoline.

A new Austin 7 is in production, al

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though not widely distributed as yet. This is a small squarish automobile by Alec Issigonis, the young British designer who did the Morris Minor. The car—called the Mini-Minor—is built around a "transaxle"—transmission and axle combined, and in this case combined with the engine, which sits on top of the axle-transmission, crosswise, and drives the front wheels. The car is stubby and boxy-looking, but there's plenty of room for four people and insulation from road shock, but road and engine noise is of a high order. Most European cars produce more engine and gear noise than Americans are used to hearing. Two reasons might be cited: (1) Noise doesn't interfere with the performance of the car and that's what counts; (2) Many keen drivers *like* engine noise. The Austin 7 appears to be an exception, and because it can be sold for around $1600 it might be a very popular exception.

The BMW (Bayrischen Motoren Werke) "600" is a two-cylinder two-door small automobile—but it's a two-door with a difference: one door opens on the side, and the other opens the whole front of the vehicle. Most convenient for disembarking. You just drive straight into the curb, using half an ordinary parking space, open the door and step onto the sidewalk. It goes for $1898, or $1497 with a sunroof, the overall length is 117 inches, and a heater is standard equipment. The engine is air-cooled.

The Renault people make a car, called the 4CV, one size down from their Dauphine: 4 *chevaux-vapeur*, or steam-horses. The 4CV runs a rear-mounted, water-cooled 750-c.c. engine. This is a sturdy four-passenger automobile for $1345, well suited indeed to town hacking. (The French police use it sometimes.) The 4CV was designed by Dr. Ferdinand Porsche while the French held him after World War II, and because it is not the world's best looking car there are those who sometimes call it "Porsche's Revenge." I, however, am not among them.

Citroen has an even smaller car, the 2CV. This is not a pretty thing either, but it shows in its unusual design features—front-wheel drive, novel suspension—the depth of Citroën's experience. You can run it for next to nothing; say 50 miles to the gallon if you baby it, and one reason there aren't many in this country is that the wily French stand in line to buy them as the factory bangs them out. Room for four and a sunroof, $1095.

The FIAT 600, product of the biggest automobile manufacturer in Italy, is a kind of hack de luxe, with ample room for four people in a well finished small car. Sunroof, $1450, heater, whitewalls, windshield washer, 129 inches, *grazie*.

Two Japanese entrants in the hack derby are the Datsun and the Toyopet, the Datsun at $1616, the Toyopet, $2000. The Datsun runs 153 inches and 37 horsepower, the Toyopet 169 and 60. Both have standard shifts and no options. The prewar notion that Japanese mechanical devices were shoddy and cheap has no place relative to Japanese automobiles of today, and careful thought has gone into them: the Toyopet, for example, has a trouble lamp that plugs into the dashboard, and a warning light that goes on if any door is ajar.

The English Ford Anglia is a buy at $1583. It's shorter than the VW at 150 inches and it's a much more conventional-looking automobile. Ford service from coast to coast, of course. The car won't astonish you with its acceleration, but it's a dandy little bucket to use around town. So is the Metropolitan, the result of Anglo-American collaboration with American Motors at the bottom of it. The Metropolitan, 150 inches, sells for $1626 and does well in traffic-light acceleration tests, since it has a 56-horsepower engine.

The NSU Prinz is an honestly made, good-looking little German *Wagen* which had an aluminum, air-cooled, rear-mounted engine some time before Corvair did. It will do 50 miles to the gallon if you watch yourself. The Prinz costs $1398 and is fitted with monster bumpers and over-riders to cope with back-and-bash big city parking methods. The Vespa 400 is another miniature with a rear-mounted air-cooled engine. You can buy it for $1080 and you'll be surprised, considering the car's small size, at the quality of the ride it produces.

That is about it. Somewhere among these forty-odd makes of automobiles, small and smaller, is the solution to your problem, whether it involves economy, speed, handling, or simple transportation of the body. One caveat: don't buy an unfamiliar *type* of automobile without a full demonstration, and by full demonstration I mean twenty-five miles, minimally, of varied road surface.

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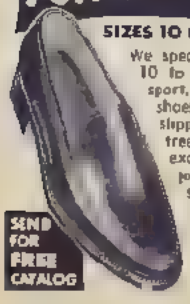

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MAKEOUTSVILLE

(continued from page 62)

The ram of spring:
in the carriage that we share,
my dear one's whispering.

Naturally I was delighted if not happy. I reserved happiness for a less verbal occasion. If we were to continue in Japanese style, we'd have found Cleo's "dear one's whispering" something like this. Drive a fellow nuts/ a healthy chap buggy,/ goddamnit.

Later, I vocalized it. "You're a couple syllables short for a Haiku," she said. "It has a set number of beats. But I appreciate the thought, friend."

"Thanks."

"You're even getting to look run down. Wyncha buy a bar of good soap instead of always that gasoline station detergent on your face?"

"Dry skin," I said.

"Sure, it comes from sexual frustration," she cooed. "Also dandruff, ulcers and international boundary disputes—from the same little problem. But you can counteract it with shampoo, a soft diet, inspection of launching sites—"

"Watch your tongue," I said.

"And soft soap."

Thus lantering, we fought our way. The tension of our interpersonal strife crept into our dispatches to *Hike* and gave the welcoming committees in Dayton, Salt Lake City and Missoula something to think about. We were thought to be married, of course, and no one asked to see our license. Our snapping at each other was a better guarantee than a license. Since we are both handsome, well set up, and public types, the black bitterness in my heart was translated as wit. "Ho ho ho," said a dozen politicians who had gone to prep school with Santa Claus, "you young folks, ho ho ho."

"I want you to meet Cleo Durrell, the twisted actress," I said.

"Ho ho, ho. Maybe the gentlemen of the press should take my picture with Miss Durrell standing a little closer."

If looks could wear a groove Cleo would have been worn in half vertically, between the bosom. And if frustration can frazzle a man, I must have looked like grandpa's surrey with the fringe all around—frazzled. But she counseled patience. "I too have feelings," she remarked. "This is an abnormal situation. Lucky. That's why I've taken to writing poetry. Wait till the situation normalizes itself," she said ominously.

I began to discover the little things about my lovely Cleo that one learns when one lives with a person, and I noted them with the touch of malice which follows when the person with whom one beds down is a lovely light creature who tells funny stories, occasionally giggles, flirts, and bounces, but threatens to black one's eye again if one doesn't turn over and go to sleep. (You

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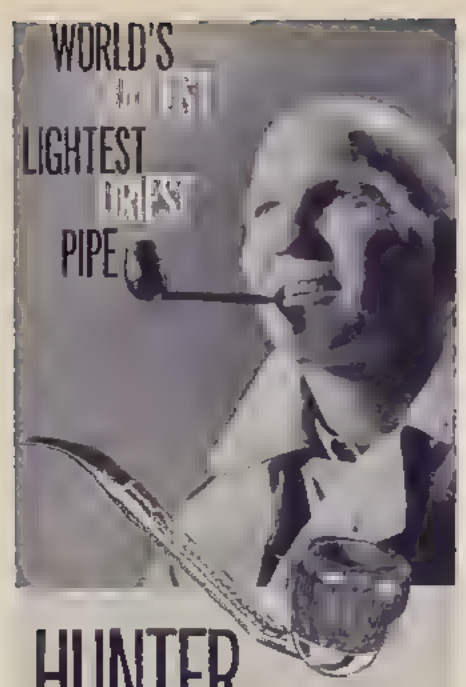

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might ask why I didn't just kill her, strangle her, stuff the body in the comfy, roomy and convenient Lisbon baggage compartment. Well, I kind of liked her, I was bemused and hopeful: I have amazing virtues.) The little things I discovered: She was a health fiddist treating her good body as if it were a disease, stuffing wheat germ and honey and vitamins down her gullet every morning. She had only one filling in her mouth (it gleamed from all the way in the back when she laughed). She disliked her father and hated her mother. She had been a swimming champion in junior high school, a ping-pong star in high school, and the most beautiful tease in her freshman class at college. (That one mistake was a *mistake*.) A tease she still was, blast her silvery laugh and brooding, hooded eyes. When you go to bed with a lovely young thing who won't let you touch her, you tend to learn nasty things about yourself. I tried to concentrate on Cleo, and worse luck, succeeded.

Our correspondence was brilliant. *Hike* picked up circulation. My blood pressure zoomed.

The Lisbon worked out well. Franchises were established in major cities, and the far-out consumers, for whom an MG or an Alfa-Romeo had begun to seem square, began putting in orders. It was effective advertising, those pictures of Cleo and me. Men liked to imagine Cleo coming with the fold-down bed. Perhaps women liked to imagine me. And we only imagined each other, while in reality we thrashed our pillows side by side.

Our tour had begun in difficulty and was ending with trouble in Makeoutsville. Cleo was getting used to thinking of me as a big brother with incest in his heart. (Actually, all I had was bile in my spleen, spleen in my bile duct, and rage in my heart. I was in love, Count Sacher-Masoch, *love!*)

"Rue the day? Rue the day?" Cleo asked. "You think that'll go in a Haiku about an unhappy relationship?"

"Does the girl get strangled in the end?" I inquired.

Somehow Cleo got back to New York alive, with me at the wheel. Her arrival unmurdered indicates the kind of genius of which the world has no need whatsoever these days. Max, my faithful agent, had stars in his eyes. My new career was blooming. I was first in the field of small foreign station wagon promoting. I was high on the list of correspondents for *Hike*. I had made out (he thought) with Cleo.

"I've been done in," I confessed wearily to him.

We sat in adjoining telephone booths at the Schulte Cigar Store on Times Square and talked it over. Max had an office, but from his non-rent-paying days, he retained his nostalgia for the phone-booth office where he used to loiter waiting for prospective clients to return his call. (He would imitate the soprano of a secretary and then put himself on the line.)

"Well, maybe you wouldn't be happy," he suggested.

"So then I could get a Mexican divorce, cha cha cha. For a couple hundred dollars you get the official papers plus two pounds of fresh roasted coffee."

Max came out of his booth and stood before mine. He stood and looked at me with tears in his eyes. "You're in love," he said. "Here's a dime. Call her." And he strode out without another word, with a sense of suspenseful drama weakened only by pausing at the cigar counter to buy a box of mints. He used the dime which he had offered me. It broke the rhythm of the scene.

I had my own dime. I dialed Cleo's number. She lived, natch, in one of those all-girl hotels, the Spitalny Residence Hall for Professional Women.

"*Allo-allo*," said her French roommate.

"*Donnez-moi* Cleo."

"Not here, buster." Click.

I dialed again. "I know your voice, can't hide," I said. "This is Lucky."

"Oh hello," she crooned. "I was just going to give you a ring."

"When?"

"Oh, next month or so."

I groaned. "Cleo, I've got to see you."

"OK, I'm hungry. Ask me to dinner."

"How about lunch?"

"Not that hungry, I can wait. Dinner. Michael's Pub." And the telephone clicked shut on me once more. I turned on the fan in the booth and let it cool my fevered brow. Loitering outside, Max lay in wait. He wanted to know how I had done. Fine, just fine. He wanted her number so he could put in a good word for me.

"You wear nice ties," he said. "You're the sole support of your orphaned bookie. You help Seeing Eye dogs find their masters. You pay your half of the check when we drink together. Lots of good I can say for you."

"Go to – – "

"In due time," he said. "Farewell, lover."

In due time, as everyone by this time knows, the offer to give us permanent TV assignments as America's Perfect Soulmates came our way. The television types were looking for something honest to replace quiz shows, something acid to replace heart-warming situation comedy, and something not Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball to replace Desilu Productions. Our pictures, our words, our "image" had made it. The offer was categorical. Max threw up his hat and cheered. His hat came down and he stopped cheering.

Cleo, who wanted to make out her own way, quietly examined the contractual offer and agreed.

I sat down and said no.

"Wah-wah *what?*" they asked like seventy-six trombones.

I explained that I was not interested. I had nerves. The strain. A quiet life I wanted, just a furnished studio apartment and my memories. Many entertainers speak of retirement after their years of glory. I wanted to retire before my glory. Gazing steadfastly at Cleo, I said: "Before my thrombosis, before my sclerosis, before my future unhappy times of frustration and misery."

"He's an artist?" wailed Max in deep agential distress. "Oh my god, I, who have serviced many artists in my business as an agent to artists, now I'm stuck with an artist?"

Cleo said competently to all the gathered commercial calculators: "Get out and leave me alone. Leave him alone. Leave us alone."

They left us alone in the conference room. "Try to seduce me," I warned her, "and I'll black your eye."

"Enough foolishness, Lucky."

"A husband and wife team!" I snorted. "After what we've been through!"

"You've been," she said, fluttering her eyelashes rapidly while I noticed that they were blacker than usual. "You've been a real advertisement for oysters, wheat germ, queen bee jelly, and the healthy outdoor station wagon life, Lucky. I mean you've been swell."

"Ok."

"I've been mean."

"Great. Over."

"I mean . . ."

"You mean you've been mean."

"Yes."

"So?"

She unfluttered the fluttering eyelashes. "I want to make it up to you now, Lucky."

"Why? The new contract? You need me?"

And then the jazz she gave me? All about how it had seemed too jazzing easy, and I would think her jazzingly facile, and she hated the basic situation which threw us together, and she couldn't help herself once the pattern got started, and she was afraid, scared, terrified. *"J'ai eu le gloire de la defense mais je veux le plaisir de la defaite."*

"Wah?" quoth I.

"French. The glory of defense. But a chick needs the pleasure of defeat, too."

I didn't believe it.

"You think I'm fri-cold?" she asked, abandoning the foreign languages.

"-gid indifferent," I said, finishing her sad, savage word. *"Très."* I was very clipped.

"How can I prove otherwise?"

I shrugged, in French.

Her answer was apparently thought out in advance. She called them in to refuse the job. She would have none of it. She did not want to be teamed up

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with me. She was done. "Max," she said, "shove it." She quit, resigned, abandoned the whole field of mutual endeavor between us. The two of us were once more alone.

All right, now you've done it, I thought, fiddling with a plastic unbreakable ashtray. I dropped it. It broke into a million pieces. The guaranteed impossible happened. "Now you've done it, Cleo."

"Now I'm doing it."

She seduced me then and there on the six inches of pile carpet in Max's other office — not the cigar store this time. She told me that it was only for good luck for Lucky, that she wanted nothing more from me, least of all a contract. She had no contract with me.

However, I now find myself with a license to practice conjugal husbandry. I support her without a personal contract, but willingly, and we pass none of our time in station wagons. We pass lots of it in TV studios. For our vacation we plan to take a little trip in our Lisbon wagon, but we'll stop in motels Memories. Ah, memories, they come back to haunt a fellow. But a happy horizontal Cleo is the answer to those sad vertical memories.

MOTHER'S DAY

(continued from page 44)

the prize was beneath a St. Thomas, but in the end I agreed to go by the Blue Star with her, and beat the living bejesus out of the pusillanimous Conklin. Pacified and happy at the thought of impending battle, she hung up.

When you reach the point of revelation, when the victim must learn that he has been led around the mulberry bush, a sadness sets in. It's best to let him find out in some indirect way, but this was my masterpiece and I had to be present when Mama went to the Blue Star and confronted the baffled management, when the truth finally dawned on her, and with a shout of fury she would begin to cuff me on the side of the head, and we'd finally collapse against each other, laughing until we cried.

And in the middle of this sadness, a time when it is fatal to be interrupted, Zoe called, and I played the Tom Fool to the end.

"Tomtom," she said, "I want you to come home." She had not called me Tomtom in many years, but I didn't read the clue. I remembered later there was no Zoe sound in her voice, which is to say there was no ice, no fire, no contempt, no hatred, but only pity, futile pity.

I growled deep in my throat. "Zoe, Zoe, you lovely bitch," I said, "I have been too long denied my conjugal rights, and I seethe with unslakable lust. Let's get a hotel room tonight, and I swear I'll make you beg for mercy before the sun comes up."

Time was she cut me down with words well chosen for their cutting edge, or hung up in ladylike silence. But this time she was silent and there was something obscene, menacing, in her silence. And then Libby, dear Libby, was on the phone. In the hereafter, as a reward for her good works, Libby will stand at heaven's gate and direct the hellbound to the right road.

"Little Brother, come home," she said. "Sweet Mother is dying, and may God forgive you, little Brother."

I placed the receiver down on the desk. I wrote my name down on a memo pad and studied it. I thought that Thomas Jefferson St. Thomas was a strange name. I carefully erased it, and then, why did I write it again, very carefully, in large, bold capital letters? I stared at it in cold satisfaction until I became aware of my breathing, deep and regular. I got up and went home. There seemed to be no hurry.

We all lived with Mama then. Our house is torn down now, and the site has been taken over by a shopping center. I was born in that house, and I had a lot of fun in it. But if you really want to hear some fine sad music about it, you must hear Libby and Charles lament the dear old rent-free days.

Zoe was waiting for me. I wasted no time.

"No sermon, no speech, no editorial," I said. "And especially no sound like a wife. Just tell the tale."

She told me. She was very nice about it.

After my first call, as I had figured, Mama had run all over the neighborhood, telling everybody in shouting distance of her bonanza. Then she had spent the rest of the morning, rocking back and forth, and yelling over the telephone. And she had danced a wild jig with the kids all over the house.

"Then you called again," Zoe said "and after she hung up, she was so quiet I came in to see about her. She was slumped in her rocking chair. She was very gray and drawn in the face. I think that was her first attack. I tried to make her lie down and let me call the doctor but after a while, she got up and went upstairs and in no time I heard her rushing back and forth, getting dressed, and shouting to herself, the way she does. Once I heard her say, 'Hit him again, Tom boy' and all sorts of things I couldn't make out, all at the very top

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of her lungs."

Zoe heard her come to the head of the stairs, and heard her fall, and came rushing out of the kitchen in time to see her roll to the foot of the stairs. It was not enough that her heart should burst; the fall had broken her neck.

"Oh, she was impossible," Zoe said. "She lay there and told me to call Dr. Parker. He got here with an ambulance and she just stood him down. She said she was dying and that she was dying at home, and she made them move her into the spare room downstairs."

Zoe put her hand on my arm. "It was an accident," she said, "and your mother has lived a long life. You must remember that."

"No," I said. "I killed her. Just the same as if I aimed a gun and pulled the trigger and shot her in the head. Not head, heart."

I walked down the hall and went in the room, with Zoe behind me. Libby and John Paul were there. I had to move around them to get to the bed, but I didn't see them. I don't even remember if old Parker was there.

Now Mama was a big woman all her life and in her old age she got to be enormous. I think she weighed as much as I do. But she was fast and light and graceful on her feet and it was amazing to see her coming down the street toward you, like a ship in full sail. She lay on the bed, huge as a mountain, and when I looked down at her, she grinned up at me, a real fierce eye-squinching grin.

"Tom boy," she said, "I'm a beached whale."

"Sport model," I said, "how do you feel?"

"Don't talk nonsense, boy," she said. "I'm on my last run."

"I thought you were going to live forever," I said.

"You know, I thought I was, too," she said. "But I've had a good run of it." And Libby made an ugly sound behind me, and Mama raised her voice. "Libby, I'll have no snivveling at my deathbed. If you can't hush, girl, then leave the room." And Libby hushed.

There was something I wanted to know. "Are you scared?" I asked.

"I won't lie," she said. "I'm scared to death." And she laughed at her own joke, but it seemed to hurt, and she stopped. "I've lived for long and long," she said. "I've seen some sights and had my pleasures, so I can leave."

We were silent then, and the only sound was her breathing, which was very loud. Then she said, "Don't you let that Conklin jackass get away with that stunt of his, you hear me?"

I could have gone along, I guess. I could have said something to reassure

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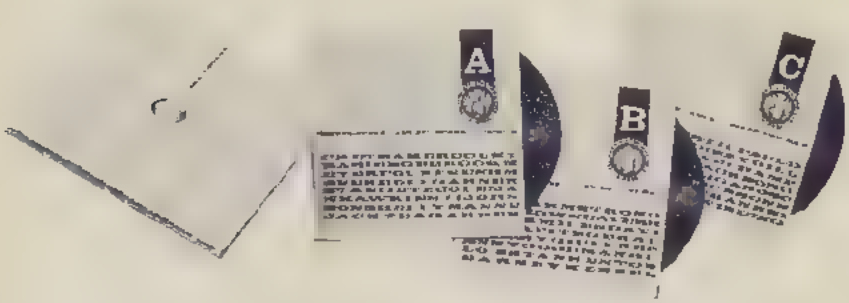

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her that Conklin would cough up the prize. It never crossed my mind.

"Little Moonbeam," I said, "there was no prize at the Blue Star. You've been led up the pole."

She didn't believe me at first, because that's part of the game, but finally she did. "You always were a fool," she said, "but if I'd lived, I'd have paid you back."

What Libby and John Paul can't bear to remember is that she laughed then, I mean she roared the room down. Not for long, because it hurt, and it would be wrong to say she laughed herself to death, because actually she stopped and lived on for a few more minutes, but she laughed as long as she could, and when she could laugh no more, she died.

Zoe led John Paul and Libby out of the room. I stayed on until the funeral parlor people came and took over, and then I went into the living room. All three of them were in there, and huddled was the word for them. I stood and looked at them, and they never looked up. My brother. My sister. My wife. And not one of them would speak to me or look me in the eye. I moved on out of the room, and at the door, I spoke to them.

"Boss Maam has paid her debt," I said. "I still have mine to pay."

We sold the house about six weeks after the funeral, and we got a lot of money for it. Zoe and I live in a new exurban development, and we get along as best we can. Life, I think, is simply a matter of inhaling and exhaling, and putting down one foot after another, and if Zoe is not what I took her for, then neither am I. Neither, I say, am I.

John Paul and Libby and I meet in town, once a month, and have dinner together. At first, we visited each other and then I had this happy thought of the three of us dining together which has cut down on the vibrations as you can well imagine. All this is just as creepy as it sounds, and it will go on forever, but with my fist around a whiskey glass, I can stand it.

I come to the end. I trust you understand that I do not disagree in any particular with my dear brother and sister and wife. As far as they go with it, they are quite right. Mama was the victim of my joke. But then, sometimes I live that day over, and I wonder whose joke was I the victim of?

I was not, you might say, so bloody lucky as Old Memsahib. But from the way I answered the telephone last night, apparently I have learned to live with it. It gives me wildly to hope that certain people are due for a little untoward excitement from time to time.

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SUDDENLY, THIS SUMMER

(continued from page 75)

associated mainly with the gentleman's autumn-winter wardrobe.

The oft-heard wheeze went like so: dark clothes were just too *hot* for summer, and that used to be pretty close to the truth. But with the development of lightweight blends and synthetics, even the blackest fabrics can be worn in crisp comfort during the doggiest days of the summer. And their combination of coolness and formal elegance makes them ideal for the important business lunch, a cocktail date or Sunday brunch.

The news about this new and darker breed of suits is not only that they are lightweight, crease resistant and cool, with predominant shades in brown, black, olive and gray, but also that they afford a wide choice of muted and narrow plaids, district checks, hound's-tooth checks, stripings and overplaids. The smaller and neater the pattern, the more suitable the suit will be for city streets. The big bold pattern look should be saved for your country weekends.

As patterned suits move on the scene, there's a tendency to think of solids in shirtings as the only safe complement. But the sophisticated shopper will more likely choose shirts in striped cotton batiste, oxford, dotted white madras, hairline stripe Dacron and cotton, or cotton broadcloth in tiny checks. White and blue are ever-popular selections, but the new stone gray, bamboo, olive, sand, putty, lime and citron will blend beautifully with either contrasting ground colors or coordinating secondary colors.

Collar styles should be chosen to accord with the cut of the suit. The buttondown shirt is a natural for natural-shoulder Ivy clothes, but it's an awkward adjunct to a Continental wardrobe. The round collar and the tab work effectively with any suit, while the small- and medium-spread collars are excellent where the elegant look is sought.

The short-sleeve shirt for more casual urban daytime wear is an established favorite and can double as a comfortably sporty shirt when the tie is removed.

An interesting innovation is a combination shirt having a body and sleeve of cotton mesh and a front panel and collar of cotton broadcloth. It looks luxurious under a jacket, but is marvelously cool against the body.

Best news in the shoe department is that the classic models in diamond wingtips, oxfords and loafers are all available in lightweight leathers. But the seamless calf plain-toe slip-on will still be much in evidence on summer pavements, often with small buckle or center straps for ornamentation.

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Use this line for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ALL WILL BE COOL at this summer's Newport Jazz Festival, with a swinging coterie of musicians — big bands, combos and singers — set to wail in afternoon and evening concerts during the June 30-July 4 weekend at Newport, R.I. The dandiest blowing will take place on the Freebody Park stage, but there'll undoubtedly be spirited after-hours sessions at the Hotel Viking (Festival headquarters) and various local mansions. Write speedily for ducats.

If your taste in music leans toward the classical, July's your month, too. Festivals throughout Europe are more inviting than ever. Devotees of Wagner should make it to Bayreuth, Germany (beginning on July 23). Mozart buffs won't want to miss the annual to-do in Salzburg, Austria (from July 26 through August). The Casals Festival in Prades, France (July 18-August 3) is a noteworthy stop-over, too. The latter fête is often staged in a historical setting, like the old Roman theatre at Carcassonne in the Pyrenees. From there, you can tack on a get-away-from-it-all week at the lovely little "lost" coastal village of Collioure at the foot of the mountains (you can get there by bus from Perpignan). Three idyllic beaches, cafés down by the *plage*, a nearby Crusader castle for romance in the moonlit ruins and easy-to-talk-to local fisherfolk are among the attractions. It's a $6-a-day (with meals) bargain at the Hotellerie de la Frégate.

When the summer sun starts to sizzle in North America, everything's air-conditioned as well as wafted by sea breezes aboard the luxurious liner Bergensfjord. In July, you can sail from New York on a forty-two-day circuit of the North Cape and the Baltic, with calls in Ireland and Scotland, past the Hebrides and Shetland Islands to Hammerfest, the world's northernmost town. On the way south, you make your way through the Lofoten Islands and the Norwegian fjords to calls in Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland and Belgium. There's plenty of time on shore. You may want to linger on land along the way; a glowing spot is the Baltic island of Gotland, once a bastion of the Hanseatic League. From the Snackgärdsbaden here (one of Sweden's best resort hotels), you can stroll Visby's inimitable alleys to the Thirteenth Century Dominican monastery of St. Nicholas, where an operatic miracle play is a mid-July attraction. Then drive along lush northern meadows — edged by wild roses and blackberry tangles — to a Bronze Age ritual labyrinth: rune stones of the Viking era, seven hundred year-old churches and manor houses, and the like. The mid-July pony show at Lojsta features the semi-wild *russ* ponies, which survive only here. And if the quiet charm of the place gets you, chances are you can latch onto an old farm for as little as $1000 — if you promise never to modernize the exterior.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

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AL MORGAN—HIS THOROUGH-GOING PROBE OF HOLLYWOOD'S SECOND BIGGEST INDUSTRY: DEATH

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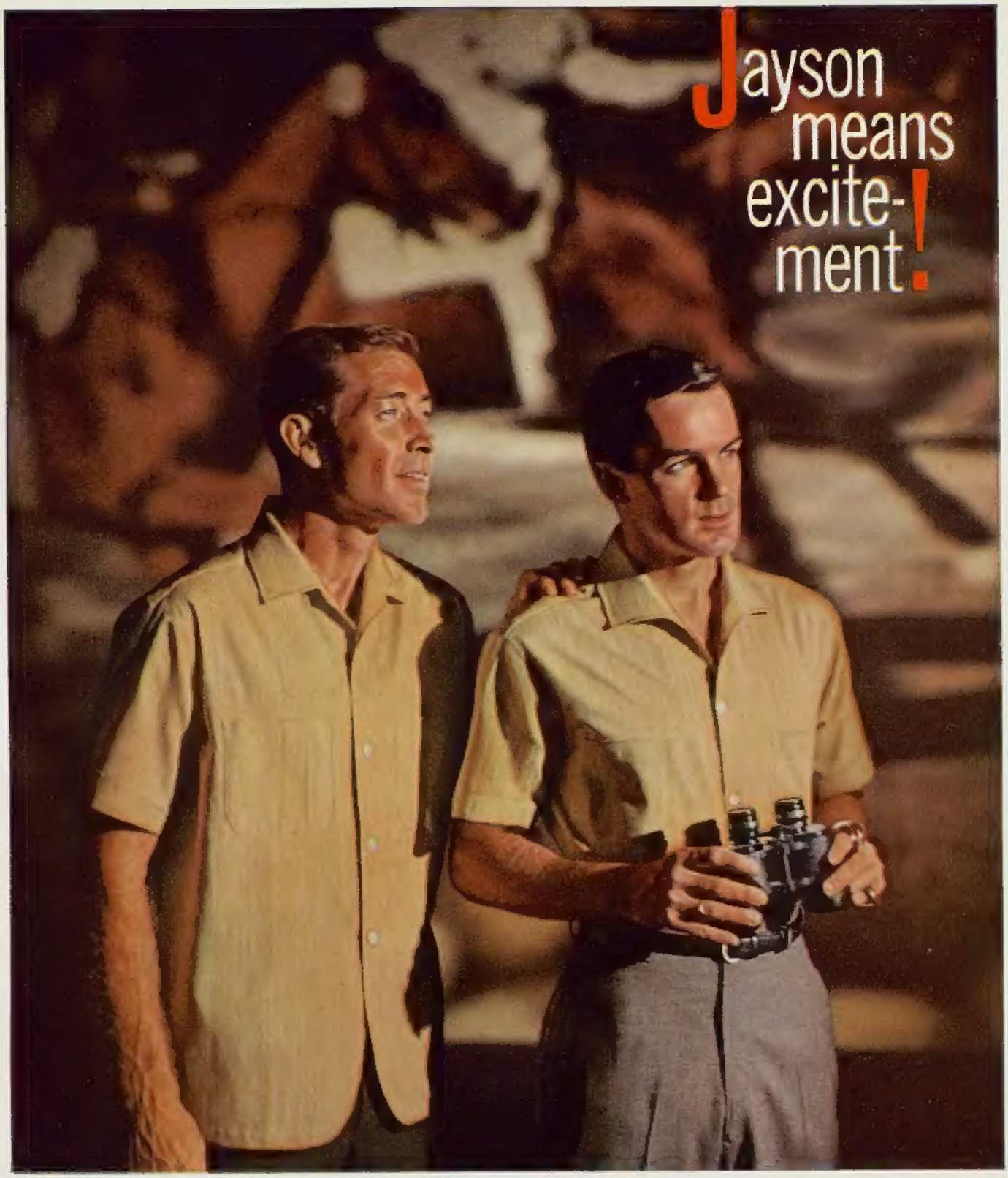

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